

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

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REGINALD A. MALBY.

LADY BYNG.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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LONDON

O Place! O People! Manners! fram'd to please
All Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages!

ONE would think that a lively appreciation of the force of Robert Herrick's apostrophe to London would deter anyone from attempting to make it the theme of a Christmas Number. But, fortunately, it is not required of us by our readers, nor a course dictated by any duty, that we should be exhaustive. To do London justice would require not merely a book, but a whole library of books; in fact, the British Museum itself would scarcely hold all there is to say of the gigantic and historic city which is the centre of the British Empire. It is only possible to select a feature here and a feature there, so as to help those who are unacquainted with the Capital. Particularly we have had in view the large number of those, mostly soldiers, but containing also a good sprinkling of visitors, who are sojourning here on account of the war. We talk of the Mother Country when we speak of the

Dominions of the King beyond the seas—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India and the rest of them—and we are apt to forget that in these countries generations have been born who have never set foot in the original home of the race. That they are deeply interested in it needs no proving. It is part of the great organisation, part of the common property of the Empire for which they have shown their devotion in the final and most conclusive manner by risking their lives for it. Besides, London, apart from political considerations, must cast a lure of its own over the minds of those who speak our language and have the slightest acquaintance with British history and literature. Here is the scene of many of those great doings which were its foundation. The imagination of a man on an Australian sheep farm or a Canadian wheatfield, one of the Indian hills or on the Plain of Mesopotamia, cannot help figuring some of the transactions narrated in the histories of Green, Froude, Freeman and the rest of those modern chronicles in which the writers have tried to be agreeable as well as instructive. Moreover, the drama, originally the greatest teaching institution in the universe and still one of no little importance, is full of historic incident, especially is that true of the drama of our greatest period. Shakespeare and his contemporaries found in the history of our wars, the conspiracies of the nobles, the recurrent disputes between the king and the pretender, or what comes to the same thing, the occupant of the throne and the ambitious rival who wished to take his place, the very best material for their drama. As a matter of fact, the great kings and queens are also great characters in the plays. Henry V has been made more familiar by the lines Shakespeare put in his mouth than by his own acts. But were we to pursue this line of thought, it would lead us to an undertaking much too large for the brief space at our disposal. History and literature form between them a tie which binds the whole Empire together.

Suppose another aspect of London were taken, and it a physical one, namely, the river on which it stands and to which many writers have ascribed its importance. The river has been sung in prose and verse down the ages, changing with the changing time. It is said to have been clear, even pellucid, close to London in the early ages. Carlyle in his day named it "the mother of dead dogs" without exaggerating its foulness, and now the spirit of hygiene is abroad and the river is attaining some of its ancient purity. It of itself furnishes a topic in discoursing on which it would be impossible to be wearied. For in its upper reaches at any rate it is as beautiful to-day as it could ever have been before. From London to its mouth, it is the most crowded aquatic highway in the world, and the dreamer may easily fancy among the multitudinous crafts which now pass swiftly up or down, the barges, in which queens went to Whitehall to banquet, and offending nobles were taken solemnly to the Tower Water Gate—Traitors' Gate, as it used to be called—to meet a doom that seldom was avoidable. These were days when, as is shown with incomparable force by the late Lord Redesdale, "committed to the Tower" was a phrase of gloom and omen to the Londoner. It had no counterpart except the decree of banishment in ancient states, when to be banished from a city was to be driven to waste and wild where food was scarcely to be found and the only other population consisted of carnivorous animals.

The river also flows past the Houses of Parliament, places that the superficial critic is inclined to undervalue. At a moment like this, at any rate, the national talking shop stands out in marked contrast to the warfare and its business of life and death. But the visitor cannot help reflecting that from those houses by the river has proceeded many an edict to influence the lives and fortunes of those living thousands of miles away. But even a glance at the subject threatens to become a large survey, and we must finish by entreating those of our readers who have come from distant Colonies not to miss the opportunity of familiarising themselves with all that is most beautiful, most historical, and most worthy of preservation in the City of London.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Byng, whose marriage to General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng, K.C.B. took place in 1902. Lady Byng is the only child of the Hon. Sir Richard Moreton, K.C.V.O., and is the author of several novels.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY NOTES



MR. LLOYD GEORGE had to pass through Paris the other day on his way to Versailles, and it is not too much to hope that he arranged for the English soldiers to have the use of 20,000 acres or so of French land for the purpose of growing vegetables for the Army's use. Everybody knows that Mr. Lloyd George is extremely desirous that tonnage should be economised in every practicable way, so that more may be available for such necessary purposes as the conveyance of food across the Atlantic. The shortness in France and Italy has greatly increased the strain, and it is most essential that sea traffic should be avoided in all cases where that is possible. Obviously, if any considerable quantity of the vegetables consumed by the troops were raised as seedlings in France and also grown to maturity there, a most important saving will be effected, and also a very great addition to the palatability of this kind of food. The Government was really not asked to start anything new. The work has been carried on to a great extent in that Third Army which has been fighting with characteristic pertinacity at Cambrai after making one of the most brilliant advances of the war. We understand that control of this sphere of activity will be handed over to Lord Rhondda and the Food Ministry, who will immediately set about the task of organising and extending the production of foodstuffs in the rear of our armies in France.

CORRESPONDENTS are at one in declaring that the fighting near Cambrai last Saturday, when the foe made a most determined effort to thrust back the army of Sir Julian Byng, was the bloodiest and cruellest of the war. Those of us who are not at the front, but enjoying the ease of home life, will do well to question ourselves as to the part we are playing in support of the valiant and unconquerable soldiers. At Coventry a wretched strike was going on among those responsible for turning out aeroplanes, in regard to shop foremen—a matter of purely internal concern. One wonders what the men thought of themselves when news of the battle arrived. But they do not stand alone. Selfishness at this time takes many forms, and if a true record were made of the occupations of those remaining in England during that memorable forty-eight hours between Friday morning and Sunday morning, it is to be hoped that many would be ashamed of the manner in which they were enjoying themselves or pursuing the pettiest objects. It is a commonplace now to say that not armies only, but nations, are at war, and it is surely time that this particular country was wakened up to a sense that success depends as much upon self-sacrifice at home as valour at the front.

AN example deserving to be followed has been set by the Savoy, Claridge's and Berkeley Hotels. In them, as elsewhere in clubs and good restaurants and hotels, the practice hitherto has been to supply bread free of charge and to make a charge for potatoes. Under the present circumstances it is surely wisdom to reverse this policy. We understand that these hotels have now arranged that, wherever potatoes can be used instead of bread, they will be supplied free of extra charge. This is a concrete way of

substituting potatoes for bread that is likely to prove much more serviceable than the injunctions to the same effect which are to be seen on the hoardings and in the publications of the Food Ministry. A great advance would have been made towards establishing economy in bread if all private houses would adopt the same principle. Potatoes can be eaten with all kinds of fish, and many people prefer them to bread. They can be taken also with the savouries and omelettes which in a certain proportion of households are being concocted for use in place of meat. As far as we can learn, there has been up to now no extravagant use of potatoes. Many small growers in a comfortable position have assured us that the supply of earlies and second earlies will carry them on to Christmas, and that if the clamps are sound, they will then have enough to last till the new potatoes come in. It is well known that the big growers have by no means pushed the sale.

IN the country milk constitutes the most difficult problem.

The state of things described by a correspondent in this issue prevails in more districts than one, and those who live close to the dairy and who are willing to send for their milk think they ought to be charged less for it than those at a distance. In this case the Local Food Control wished to fix the price at 7d. for the district as against 8d. in the town, but the farmers took the matter into their own hands and sent the whole of their milk right off to London. This exemplifies one form of the difficulty. Another arises from the industry with which certain well disposed but thoughtless individuals are endeavouring to "organise" the milk supply. By organisation they mean drawing the milk from the most remote country districts in order to supply the towns. Now, country children are already on a very short supply of milk, many of them never see it except in its preserved form, and that not the best, but preserved skim milk. It is just as essential that the children of the country labourer should have milk as it is for the offspring of the townsman. Here, again, the farmer is not easy to deal with. At home he is faced with the constant difficulty of providing labour for his dairy, and he argues that there are many directions other than dairying in which he could increase the food supply and, at the same time, his own earnings. As a farmer's wife remarked a few days ago to the writer: "We used to do well enough without keeping cows long before the war, and I don't see why we shouldn't give them up now." That decision was forced upon her by the scarcity of labour.

RICHES.

The riches of the world have been
Magnificently told;
The caravans of Sheba's queen,
The chests of Syrian gold,
And Alexander's dusky spears,
And Solomon his mines,
Jerusalems of laurelled seers,
And gospels of divines.

But these are ghosts and foreign things
When meadow grass is mown
On Cotswold, where my summer sings
Her cottage of grey stone,
And no theologies have made
So quick a paradise
As this my Cotswold corner laid
Under the Cotswold skies.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

IN the same letter an excellent account is given of the manner in which an old gardener vanquished the Local Committee at a public meeting. His preliminary assertion that the best way to meet scarcity was to increase produce was ruled out of order by the chairman on the ground that the meeting was not for the purpose of encouraging cultivation, but economy. It was a narrow-minded view to take, and we hope that no instructions involving anything of the kind have been passed down by the Central Body to these Local Committees. The gardener was perfectly right in saying that there is plenty of land capable of yielding excellent crops and that much more good would be done by industriously using the spade than by holding meetings and preaching frugality to the labourer. One cannot help doubting if the methods of propaganda and publicity which are generally adopted now are producing any result comparable to the expense incurred. General exhortations at a time when the air is thick with them, must perforce fall to a large extent on dull ears. Particular

methods of increasing production or even of saving are much more likely to receive attention that will be followed by active effort. We hear very little of the manner in which these local committees are being formed, and the account published from our correspondent is not of a kind to increase our trust in them.

SIR ARTHUR YAPP has set forth the objections to compulsory rationing in a speech which ought to meet with the most profound consideration. The idea of rationing is repugnant to our liberty-loving people, but at the same time it is absolutely necessary that the most should be made of our food supplies, and the question is, which is the lesser evil? Sir Arthur Yapp enumerates as obstacles the interference with labour that would be inevitable and the creation of an army of new officials which nobody desires. In addition, he points out that the possession of food tickets could not guarantee the supply of food, and that even in highly organised Germany it has been found difficult to carry out an efficient system of compulsory rationing by ticket. In Munich alone there are 160 different kinds of tickets and more than 700 officials engaged in administration. The effect he describes as most deplorable. It has turned Germany into a nation of forgers. In the first year more than 6,000,000 tickets were forged. He thinks, too, that the establishment of compulsory rationing here would encourage the foe. It remains, then, to suggest an alternative. One obvious step that could be taken is to do away with the maximum price of bread. This would involve no hardship at a time when an excellent substitute is abundant in the shape of potatoes. Other measures might take the form of enforcing the same economy on provincial towns as on London.

IN the statesmanlike and most instructive article on "England's Record in War Finance," contributed to this number by Mr. Hartley Withers, the editor of the *Economist*, the need of universal saving within the Empire is explained in unanswerable and scientific terms. First, "we have to remember that the pounds we spend in wartime are by no means the same pounds as we spent in peace. The buying power of the pound has been reduced by something like from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. since the war began." There is no gainsaying that, but it should be taken with another consideration advanced by the writer. He recalls that it was estimated that "before the war the German population was spending about £23 per head per annum, men, women and children, while in this country the average expenditure was about £42." This, then, is what should be aimed at. If everyone brought his expenditure down to the German average we should have a margin of about £900,000,000 per annum, and a way would be found to meet all the financial difficulties caused by the war.

IT cannot be allowed to pass without comment that at length the great work of subduing the German colonies has been completed. On December 1st General Van Deventer reported that reconnaissance had definitely established the fact that German East Africa had been completely cleared of the enemy. The meaning of this is that the last of the German Overseas possessions has passed into our hands and those of our Belgian Allies. The little German force that still remains in being has taken refuge in the adjoining Portuguese territory, where soon it will be dealt with. Thus passes away the German dream of a colonial empire. No doubt von Tirpitz was taking this into account when he said that England had gained more than she had lost in the war. It is at any rate a remarkable set off to the Allied territory which the Germans seized in the first rush of the war. Berlin statesmen have said a great deal about holding pawns for the day of settlement, and it is no wonder that they are depressed by the knowledge that Great Britain, thanks to the fact that the Navy at least was ready at the beginning of the war, has been enabled to wrest from them those possessions in which they took so much pride.

NOTHING surprises the civilian who happens to go to the front more than the exactitude of the shooting with big guns. He sees, for example, a dead village in the neighbourhood of Verdun being searched by German guns. The enemy know that the inhabitants of the place are dead or fugitive, that the houses are only shells; but conceiving that guns may be hidden there, they methodically put up a kind of barrage, shelling the place line by line until they feel absolutely sure that no guns are concealed in it. All the time our Allies, who understand the Hun psychology,

are returning volley for volley, but they have shifted the guns from the village to other favourable positions. Both the Germans and the French have the country mapped out and divided into sections, so that all the master gunner requires is a telephone message, "Help wanted, Section 723, Sub-section 1, 2, 3, or 4," as the case may be. And from its concealment the great gun begins to pour in a stream of deadly missiles.

FROM one side of the hill the artilleryman is able by his mechanical devices to hit an exact spot on the other side of the hill. But these feats have almost been surpassed on the Italian front by a monitor. In the attack on Venetia the Germans and Austrians were using three bridges across the lower Piave until the British monitor *Picton* took the matter in hand. One was a large stone bridge which the Austrians had repaired, the others smaller bridges 3yds. wide. These were the targets against which the monitor directed its fire at a distance of 10 miles. The official war correspondent who tells the tale says that "On these slight marks the monitor's guns put five direct hits out of seven shots. The very first shot was on the target and the pontoon bridges were each hit at either end, one of them being so effectively cut in two that the aeroplane observer reported that the middle part of it floated away downstream. A shell was also dropped right into the stone bridge." This deserves to be recorded as a feat of marksmanship, even in a war in which the artillery has distinguished itself more than any other branch of the Service.

RECLAMATION.

Above the dark and evil bog
The myrtles grow,
And star-set spires of asphodels
Sway to and fro.

And so on baleful fields of war
Blows mercy's breath,
And lovely bloom of sacrifice
And faith to death.

Yet bogs and battlefields must pass.
Our toil and strife
Shall labour them to garden lands
And fields of life.

ANNA DE BARY.

DR. RUSSELL'S article, on "Partial Sterilisation of the Soil," in to-day's issue is sure to be widely read and criticised, as it opens up a new and most valuable way to prosperity in farming. At present the system is in its infancy. Dr. Russell explains that very properly he confines his function to ascertaining the connection between cause and effect. It is not his business to turn the system into a money-making concern. Fortunately it happens so, because we have had excellent grounds for recognising that when a man of science takes to the exploitation of his own discoveries he is apt to put the said discoveries on the market in a half-boiled condition that really retards rather than advances progress. But others have taken up the problem where Dr. Russell left it, and practical work has shown that under glass partial sterilisation may be profitable. Before the war the growers of tomatoes and similar products in the Lea Valley had brought the cost of the process down to about £30 an acre, which, of course, their gigantic crops would stand. At Woking the Hon. Rupert Guinness has been experimenting with flame, and there is reason to hope that the scientific intellects now directed to this matter will be able to evolve the machinery for carrying out the idea on a practical open-air basis.

BY a happy coincidence we are able to publish in the same number a review of "The Middle Years," by Henry James, in which he describes as a lion of the day young Frederic Harrison in the glory of youth, and in another part of the paper an article by Mr. Harrison himself giving his impression of the fashionable breakfasts and society generally of the Victorian Era. It is a wonderful performance at eighty-six, showing Mr. Harrison to be still in possession of a memory as vivid as it was in youth and a pen to match it. The two compositions taken together supply a useful corrective to those who talk glibly and slightly of the Victorian Age as though it constituted a period productive of little or nothing of importance. It has long been the fashion to undervalue those who were considered literary giants in their day. Yet judges so excellent each in his own way as Mr. Frederic Harrison and the late Henry James have left on record their impressions of the greatness which the new generation affects to despise.

LONDON HEROES OF THE WAR

THERE is never a *Gazette* in which heroic deeds are chronicled where we do not find something of London's record, and where all are heroes it is perhaps invidious to take out one for special mention. But we do not think this criticism will be directed to the case of Lance-Corporal Mugford, Machine Gun Corps, East Ham, who has been given his V.C. "for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty." The special act for which he received this distinction is a very notable one indeed. He overcame great difficulties in getting his gun into a forward and exposed position where he dealt effectively with the enemy massed for a counter-attack. His "Number Two" was killed almost immediately, and he himself was severely wounded, but he took up a new position and refused to go to the dressing station, continuing on duty with his gun and inflicting severe loss on the enemy. Soon after, both his legs were broken, and he still remained with his gun, asking his comrades to take cover. They got him at last to the dressing station, and there he was again wounded in the arm. In the unemotional words of the *Gazette*, his valour was instrumental in breaking up the impending counter-attack of the enemy. Signal as were his services, they were not greater than those rendered on many another occasion at every front, and in every type of danger to which the British Army has been exposed.

Among the townsmen who have won renown on the battlefield, none stands higher than the Londoner. His quick initiative and dash have been shown at innumerable critical moments; so has his power of endurance. Dr. Woods Hutchinson's experience on the British, French and Italian fronts leads him to say: "Modern nerves have stood the fearful strain of this war superbly. None so well as those of the highly civilised races. Among the steadiest, staunchest, and most 'shell-proof' of all stood the highly 'cited' and 'neurotic' Cockney."

A distinguished officer who had seen nearly three years of war in France and watched every movement of the London County Territorials in Palestine says of them: "I do not think any division ever went into a big show with a higher moral. These grand fellows went forward with their full bloom upon them. Never any hesitation, discipline absolutely perfect, physique and courage alike magnificent, and valour beyond words. The Cockney makes the perfect soldier." Trained for months, these men from Bermondsey and Camberwell, no less than from the "class corps," reached such a state of fitness that the Spartan fare during ten days of ceaseless action caused neither grumbles nor fatigue.

They share to the full the triumph of Gaza, and there is a certain poetic completeness in the thought of the direct personal link which they, London citizen soldiers, have formed between the metropolitan city of the British Empire of the twentieth century and the city whose gates Samson carried away, the city which was the centre of the Edomite slave trade which Amos counted among the transgressions of ancient Israel, the city which has been successively in the hands of the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Crusaders, and later, the degenerate Turks. It is one of the epics of our time, this reaching across the ages from Throgmorton Street to Gaza, and so on to Jerusalem itself.

Turn to the latest advance of the forces under the late General Maude in Egypt and here also we read of "London men" helping Australian yeomanry in "relentlessly pursuing the Turks, driving them northwards with great rapidity" and capturing Jamemeh and Huj. Again, in the newest triumph on the western front, the capture of the Passchendaele ridge which opens up the plains of Flanders to the forces of Sir Douglas Haig, we find London Territorials "struggling against well nigh impossible odds in the shape of mud-engulfed ground." "White-chapel" was by a curious coincidence one of their objectives across a bog which holds a man as though in glue and in which he may sink above his waist. Scores of individual deeds of gallantry will never be known; but the tale is told of one officer of the London Regiment who, though wounded eight times, carried on, and was instrumental in the reduction of a most formidable position.

So far I have spoken of "Londoners." Regimentally this has become an anonymous war and this is especially disappointing for the friends and admirers of a great force like the London Regiment including in days of peace no fewer than twenty-seven battalions, some of which have in war-time become the parents of a second and third battalion, not to speak of accessory bodies.

But a similar reticence does not completely shroud the earlier stages of the war. We have, for instance, some details of the part which "London's Own," the Honourable Artillery Company, the oldest regiment in the British Army, took in the "murderous and terrific battle" of Hooze in June, 1915. This was the first set engagement in which the Honourable Artillery Company took part on the western front, and we read with pride how steadfastly these Londoners rushed forward, despite merciless shelling, captured enemy ground even to the third line of trenches, and held on hour after hour long after their relief was overdue and in the teeth of heavy attacks in which poisonous gas shells were freely used. The Honourable Artillery

Company as a fighting force can span the days since the Spanish Armada, and its deeds in the Great War are worthy of its past.

Next we think of the London Scottish at Messines on Hallowe'en, 1914, the scene of the baptism of blood of the first infantry Territorial regiment to be in action. The story has been often mistold. For the salient and unvarnished facts I am indebted to the man, above all others, who should know.

"Take Ypres by November 1st" was the German order for the autumn of 1914. It was a critical moment in the German offensive which had Calais for its ultimate objective. General Allenby's Cavalry Corps, the men of which, dismounted, lined the trenches, were hard pressed, and the call came to the London Scottish to move up in support. They went in joyfully, a full battalion; they came out of it a rather thin one. But they did their part gallantly in stemming the German onset.

It was towards the end of October that orders came to concentrate, and on October 28th the regiment was taken in motor buses to Ypres—the familiar London "Generals," painted grey—and a wet, slippery and exciting night ride it was. Just as Ypres was reached the first two shells fell. It was the beginning of the tragedy which has laid the historic Flemish city in dust. By the morning of October 31st the regiment found itself behind Wytschaete village, then being severely shelled, and formed up at the back of the woods near Messines. Moving forward, the London Scottish found the trenches occupied by the cavalry, whom they were sent to support. All day they lay in the open under fire and lost heavily. At dusk the battalion started to dig itself in, prolonging the line of cavalry trenches wherever there were gaps. At 7 p.m. the bands of the Germans could be heard, and it was said that the Kaiser and Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria were with the enemy troops. That night it was intended to break through.

The first big German attack came at 9 p.m. They came against the whole line in thousands. The attack was beaten back by a series of charges. There were two or three other attacks made afterwards, the London Scottish doing its share with the Carabineers.

Colonel Malcolm, fortunately, as it turned out afterwards, placed one company in reserve. They were entrenched opposite a wood, and when the Germans broke through and entered the wood, this reserve company held them up. Three times they went into the enemy's lines with the bayonet, so that the Germans evidently thought there was a large force behind them. Had they known how thin was the opposing line they could easily have gone right through the British lines and the London Scottish and the Carabineers would have been enveloped.

It is supposed that an order to retire was given which did not reach the London Scottish and Carabineers. Consequently, at dawn on November 1st they found themselves more or less surrounded by the enemy. When the men realised their position they saw there was nothing to be done but fight their way back. The reserve company moved to the right to cover the retirement. The Germans between them and the reserve trenches appeared confused and unable to realise what was happening. For a second time the Germans, through ignorance of what was going on and of what a tiny force was opposing them, let slip a grand opportunity. With daylight on November 1st, what was left of the London Scottish fell in at the village of Wulverghem, but the time for rest was still far off. The trenches in front of Wulverghem wanted men, and there they remained under shell fire all day before relief came. "Continuing to do excellent work" is the unemotional official report.

One could speak also, did space permit, of the earlier doings of the London Rifle Brigade, and especially of a certain twenty-one days of horror soon after the Second Battle of Ypres, from which the successors of "The Dandies" of the Hyde Park Review of 1860 came forth "a tattered demoralised lot in ragged uniforms with the tense expression of men who have looked death very nearly in the face." Laurels from the Second Battle of Ypres, from Hill 60 and many another battlefield also belong to the Rangers—descendants of the "gentlemen, members and inhabitants of Gray's Inn" who began their military career in the days of George III. And so one might go on to detail the fighting gallantry of the 47th (London) Division at Loos, of the charge of the 3rd Londons at Neuve Chapelle, of the hard fighting near Ypres of the 4th Londons—most of them Hoxton men—and of the deeds of other London units—the Kensingtons, the Queen's Westminsters, London Irish, the Queen Victorias, the Post Office and Civil Service Rifles, the Queen's and the rest, not forgetting the incalculable services of the Artists and the Inns of Court O.T.C. It would have gone ill for us in many a hard-pressed corner of the fighting fronts, especially in the days before Kitchener's Army came into being, had these men of London town—these men of the black coats and white collars, of the quiet suburban homes and chambers and offices and shops of the Metropolis—not come forward voluntarily to defend the right and save the world. They sacrificed much in the piping days of peace to fit themselves for war, and both then and now "London pride" has been their stay. They at least never flinched when:

Came Bugler Duty, dressed for war
And blew a citizen's "Fall in."

PERCY HURD.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

[During the years 1874-86 the late Lord Redesdale, then Mr. Bertram Freeman-Mitford, was Secretary to H.M. Office of Works, and at that period took a leading part in the restoration of the Tower of London. All his lifetime he had been under the fascination of that historic building, and therefore no one else was so able to narrate its grim history. The following account is reprinted by permission from "A Tragedy in Stone," by the late Lord Redesdale, published by John Lane, the Bodley Head. We omit the earlier pages, in which the author goes over the ground of his predecessors, tracing the history of the Tower for eight hundred years as fortress, palace and prison, and pointing out that modern discoveries have proved that Roman buildings stood upon the same site. The stories of William the Conqueror and the Weeping Monk of Beck, who was his architect in building the Tower; of Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham; of William Rufus, Henry III, and the others who added to the structure, we omit, as they can be found in the well known authorities. But no one, save Lord Redesdale, has with such clearness and power shown the Tower to be "A Tragedy in Stone," and that is the part, therefore, which we have chosen to reprint. The photographs of the Chapel of St. John were taken by special permission of the Constable of the Tower.—ED.]

WHERE shall you find another building so full of pathetic interest, so pregnant with historic memories as the little church on the north side of Tower Green, the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula? In comparison with the grandeur and architectural magnificence of that other great church, the Abbey of Westminster, also dedicated to St. Peter, it is but a hovel; yet no place in the world can show such a record of "tragedy in sceptred pall." Lord Macaulay's description of it is a classic passage: it can hardly be left out. "I cannot refrain," he says, "from expressing my disgust at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town. In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Death is there associated not, as in Westminster and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities: but with whatever is darkest in human nature

and in human destiny; with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts."

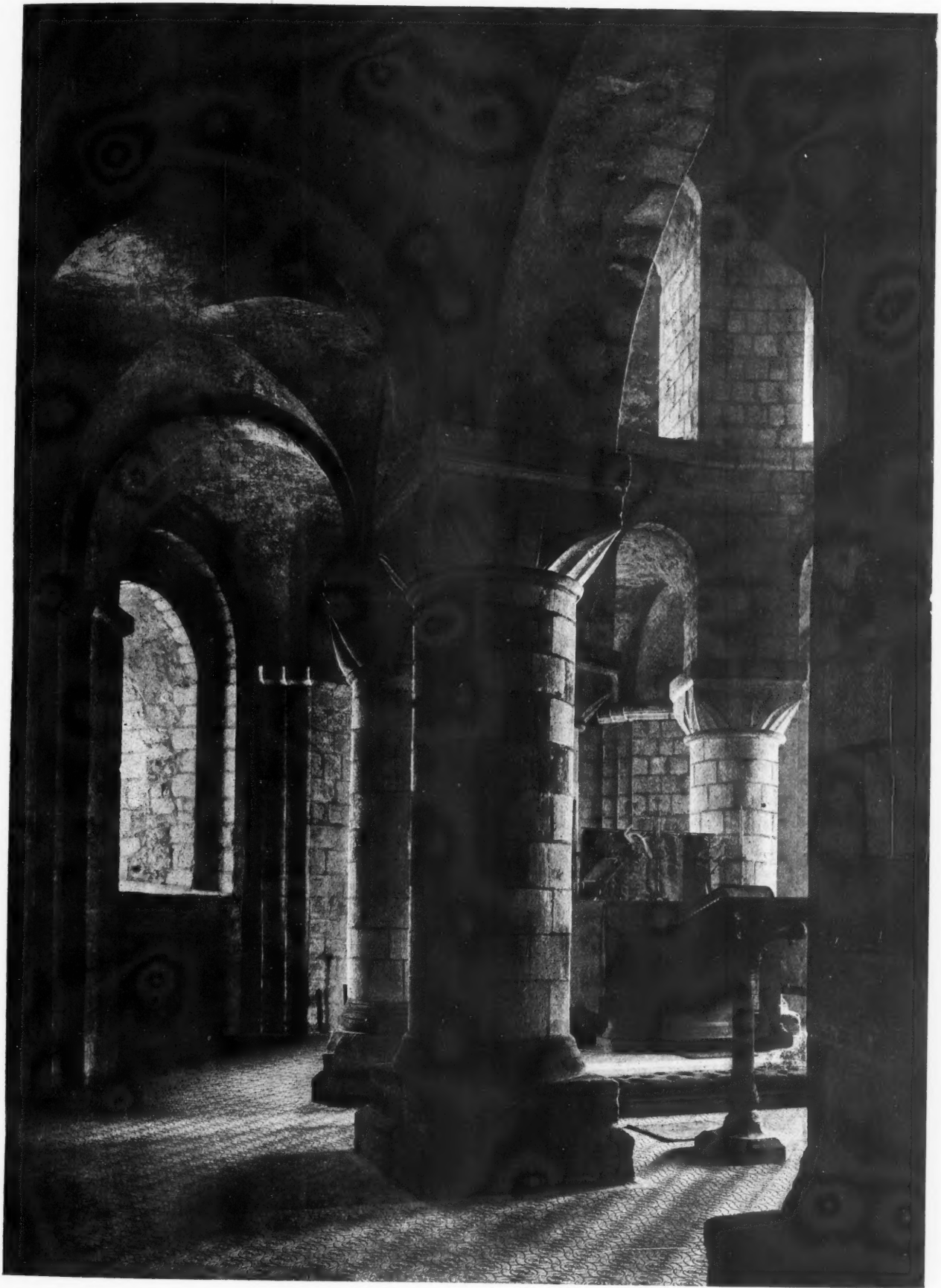
Lord Macaulay's eloquent words rather understate than exaggerate the squalor and decay into which the chapel had been allowed to fall and the barbarism with which it had been defaced. High pews and galleries of painted deal crowded up the interior: whitewash had done its worst to degrade the walls and columns. The pavement was as uneven as if it had been forced out of the level by an earthquake. There was nothing solemn, nothing to suggest religion or divine worship, nothing to record the burial of the mighty dead who lay there. Two Queens—three, indeed, if we count Lady Jane Grey—John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; Sir Thomas More; Thomas Seymour Lord



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THE TOWER FROM THE RIVER.

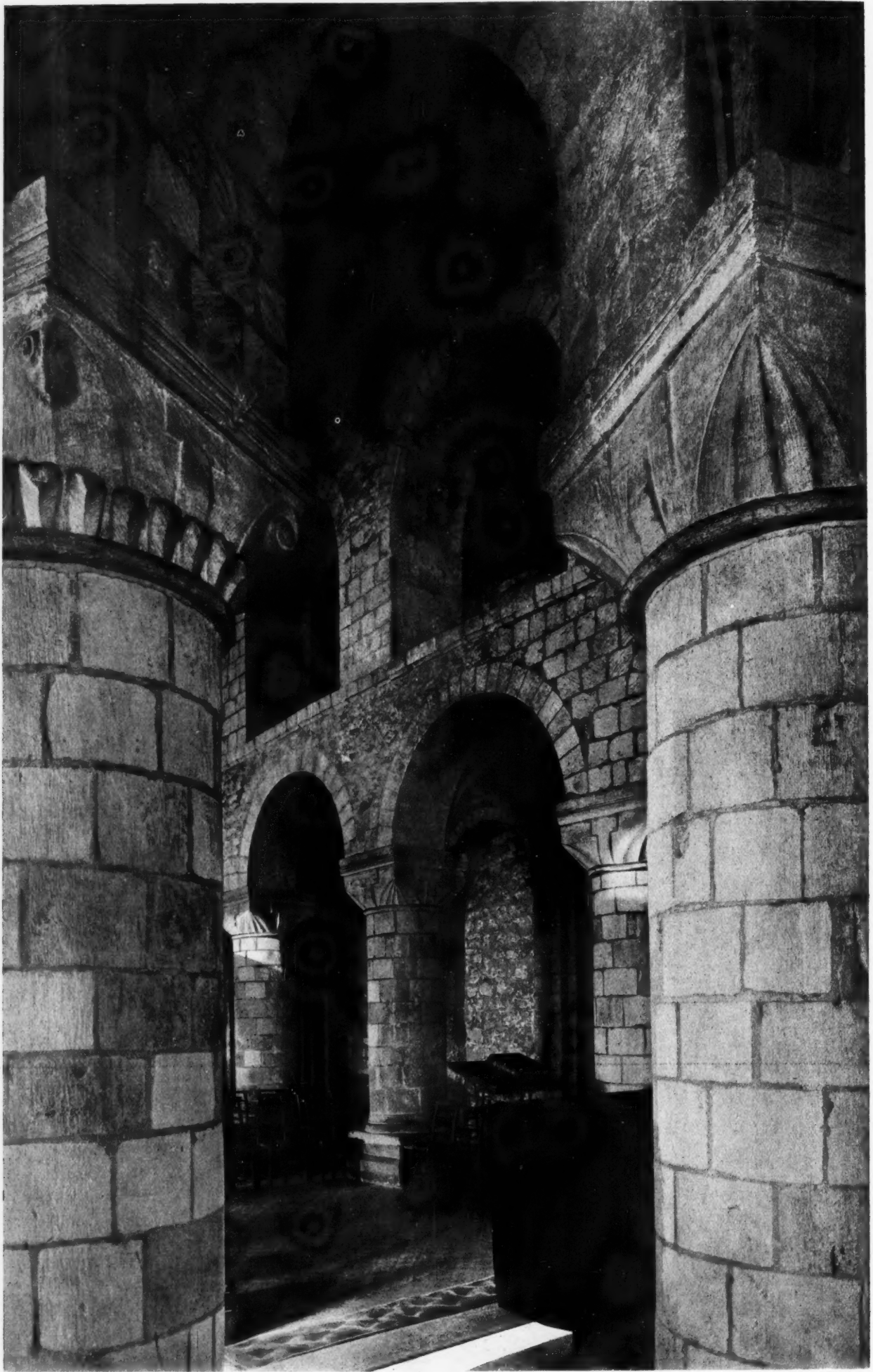
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THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN.

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IN ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sudeley, the husband of Queen Catherine Parr and the suitor of Princess Elizabeth; Northumberland and Somerset, mortal enemies, now lying side by side in the peace of death: Essex, in spite of the Queen's ring vainly committed to the treacherous hands of Lady Nottingham, a story now looked upon as apocryphal; James, Duke of Monmouth (Dryden's Absalom); the three rebel Lords of the '45; and many others.

In reading the records of all these horrors it is impossible not to be struck with admiration for the courage with which one and all met their fate. Bishop Fisher, an old man in his eightieth year, after an imprisonment during the cruel winter months, starved with cold and privations, prays to Cromwell at Christmas-time for some clothes to cover him, "for I have neither shirt nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for one to wear, but that bee ragged and rent to shamefully. Notwithstanding I might easily suffer that if they wold keep my body warm," and also begs for a little suitable food. But on June 23rd, when he was carried to the scaffold, reaching the steps, the poor old man, who had scarcely strength left to walk, refused all help, saying, "Nay, masters, seeing I am come so far, let me alone and you shall see me shift for myself well enough," and when the summer sun shone in his face he cried, "Accedite ad eum et illuminamini, et facies vestrae non confundentur." The glory of that ray of sunshine illumines his face to this day.

Sir Thomas More, as dauntless as the Bishop, wisest and wittiest of men, dies, as Hall's chronicle puts it, "with a mocke." Come to the scaffold which was ill constructed, weak, and ready to fall, "he said merrilie to the Lieutenant, 'I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my cominge downe, let me shift for myselfe.' When he had finished his prayers and repeated the fiftieth Psalm, the executioner, according to custom, asked him for forgiveness. Sir Thomas kissed him, and said, 'Plucke up thy spirits, man, and be not afraide to doe thine office. I am sorie my neck is verie short, therefore strike not awrie for savinge of thine honestie.' He bandaged his eyes with his own hands and laid his head upon the block. Then he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard: 'Pity that should be cut,' he murmured, 'that has not committed treason,' a famous speech as to which Froude says, "with which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous in Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever."

And Queen Anne Boleyn! How bravely she died! There are letters from Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, to Cromwell, quoted by Doyne Bell, telling of her demeanour during the few days, not much more than a fortnight, of her imprisonment in the Tower, how at times she was cheerful, laughed heartily and ate her meals with a good appetite. On May 18th, the day before her execution, Kingston writes, "this morning she sent for me that I myght be with her at soche time as she resayved the gud Lord (the sacrament) to the intent I should hear her speak as towchyng hyr innosensy always to be clere and in the wrytyng of this she sent for me, and at my comyng she sayd, 'Mr. Kyngston, I hear say that I shal not dye afore none, and I am very sory therefore; for I thowth to be dede by thys time, and past my payne.' I told hyr it shuld be now payne it was so sottel; and then she sayd, 'I have hurd say the executr was very gud, and I have a lyttel neck,' and put her hand abowt it lawing [laughing] hartely." Kingston goes on to say, "I have sen many men and also wemen executed, and that they have been in grete sorrow; and to my knowlidge thys lady hasse meche joy and plesure in dethe." On the scaffold after she had made her last speech, "with her own hands she took her coifs from her head and delivered them to one of her ladies, and then putting on a little cap of linen to cover her hair withal she said, 'Alas! poor head, in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold'—and so having said a few farewell words to her ladies and praying 'Oh! Lord God have pity on my soul!' she knelt and laid her head upon the block, and the executioner of Calais struck it off with a sword." Such was the end of that unhappy beauty for the love of whom King Henry set aside a marriage of eighteen years' standing, gave deadly offence to Spain, flouted the authority of the Pope and established the Protestant Religion in England.

It is impossible to feel great pity for Katherine Howard. Her life was blighted from its outset. Shamefully neglected by her grandmother, the old Duchess of Norfolk, to whose care she had been confided, surrounded by women so depraved that they seemed to rejoice in leading her astray while still a child, she can hardly have known what innocence meant. That she ever was unfaithful to the King after her marriage

there is no evidence. But the fatal paper which Cranmer placed in the King's hand during mass in the chapel at Hampton Court sealed her fate. The King left Hampton Court at once, and the Queen was arrested and sent to Sion House. It was said that she screamed aloud as she was being dragged along the great corridors of Hampton Court—and until recently there were people who believed that in the dead of night her cries are still to be heard there—a foolish tale, the author of which confessed himself to me, but it found credence. The Queen, according to a letter written by a London merchant to his brother at Calais, "made a most godly Christian end that ever was heard of, uttering her lively faith in the blood of Christ only, and with godly word and steadfast countenance desired all Christian people to take regard unto her worthy and just punishment." So eager was poor Katherine Howard to die honestly, like Lucretia, that on February 12th, when she was told that she must die on the morrow, she desired that the block on which she was to suffer might be brought to her that she might know how to place herself. This was done, and so she made a gruesome rehearsal of the coming tragedy.

These are cruel stories, but the chronicles of the Church of St. Peter-in-Chains are all cruel. Those were terrible times in which it was an ill thing to be a person of note, whether man or woman. Even the grey hairs of the venerable Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, could not protect her. What had she done that she should be dragged to the scaffold and stricken by the common hangman like a felon, after weeks of suffering, half-fed and half-clothed, of which her very gaolers complained? Certain Bulls of the Pope had been found in her possession, and she had corresponded with her son, Cardinal Pole, who had given King Henry dire offence by his book "*De Unitate Ecclesiastica*." To expiate these crimes she died—she, the lady whom the King had chosen to be Princess Mary's governess, and whom he once declared to be the most saintly woman in England. Lord Herbert's account, founded upon hearsay, gives details of her execution, probably apocryphal, and invented to excuse the lack of skill of the headsman. "The old Lady being brought to the scaffold . . . was commanded to lay her head on the block: but she (as a person of great quality assured mee) refused, saying, so should traitors do, and I am none: neither did it serve that the executioner told her it was the fashion; so turning her gray head every way, shee bid him if hee would have her hedd, to get it as hee could: so that he was constrained to fetch it off slovenly." Her last words were "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness' sake." So says a letter of her son, Cardinal Pole, quoted by Lingard.

The last [act of the tragedy of Lady Jane Grey] was when on her way from the house of Nathaniel Partridge, the gentleman gaoler, to the shambles on Tower Green, she, the Queen of a week, met the litter on which lay her young husband's headless body. Old Fuller's words are good to quote. "She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parent's offence, and she was longer a captive than a Queen in the Tower."

I have but sketched some of the many stories of blood and agony which are bound up with the history of the old chapel—built by Edward I on the site of a still older church—enough to show what a great measure of interest attaches to a building which successive generations had seemingly taken pains to make as shabby and forlorn as possible. In the old Tudor days this neglect was certainly purposeful and intelligible. It was a chief object of those in power to wipe out all traces of the victims of their political executions or murders. The dead bodies of queens and nobles and statesmen, who in their lives, a few days or at most weeks before, had been the cynosure of courtly pageants and royal progresses, were huddled into the earth without any semblance of decency. To many not even coffins were given. A little soil—consecrated soil it is true—a scattering of lime, and then oblivion. Anne Boleyn, as an exception, was buried in an elm chest which had served to carry arrow heads to the warders' quarters. Some of the actual places of burial were recorded—of others there was no mention, and to their whereabouts no clue. All that was known was that somewhere in the chapel, under this stone or under that, lay the remains that fear or perhaps repentance desired to forget. No more squalid cemetery exists, none more teeming with the mystery and the deadly romance of crime.

In 1876 a report by Sir John Taylor showed that the old chapel was rapidly decaying and that unless something were

done, and that quickly, the very walls must crumble into dust. The report was communicated to the various authorities responsible for the Tower; above all, the pleasure of Queen Victoria was taken. She had always showed the greatest personal interest in all that concerned the old place; indeed it was by her command that the site of the scaffold on Tower Green was fenced off. The Queen, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, signified to me her consent to the necessary work for the preservation of the building, at the same time expressing her wish that all possible care and reverence should be exercised to prevent any undue tampering with the graves of the illustrious persons who were buried there. She further

tion. Seeing this, and having regard to the Queen's commands as to identification, it seemed advisable that some known antiquary and also a gentleman skilled in anatomy, to determine the probable age of any remains that might be found, should be present at the investigations. Mr. Doyne Bell was asked to serve as antiquary: Dr. Mouat, F.R.C.S., of the Local Government Board, as surgical expert.

The nave and aisle of the church had been so much disturbed, and the old graves and remains so scattered in order to make room for the burial during the eighteenth and first part of the nineteenth centuries of any person, however obscure, who might chance to die within the precincts



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A NORMAN AISLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

desired that a careful record should be kept of every sign of possible identification. There was no question of restoration, for, barring the Blount monument in the chancel and one or two others, there was nothing to restore; any semblance of decoration, or even of decent respect for the sanctity of the building, had long since been swept away and given place to the painted deal and the plaster of Georgian vandalism. All that we had in view was to preserve a life of the highest interest, and, while saving the shell, to fit the interior for divine worship in conditions of decency.

The state of the pavement, which was like the waves of the sea, and the threatened collapse of the walls made it evident that the work would be very serious and involve great disturbance of the surface in order to get a safe founda-

tion of the Tower, that we did not expect to find there any evidence of historic interest. Nor did we. The chancel was different; there it was that the principal victims of the cruel sixteenth century were thrown into the earth, dishonoured and unwept. We had hoped that it might be possible to leave the chancel undisturbed, merely covering over the old worn and uneven pavement with new flags. A closer examination showed that this could not be. There were two serious depressions, and evidence that the ground under the pavement was hollow, so that all that part of the structure was in danger of collapse; indeed the only safe place was the little brick grave in which Sir John Burgoyne was buried in 1870. The Queen was again consulted, and gave her sanction to the removal of the stones

and the carrying out of such work as might be necessary, repeating her former injunctions.

The work in the chancel was begun on November 9th, 1876. There were present Mr. Gerard Noel, First Commissioner of Works; Col. Milman, resident Governor of the Tower; Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department; Mr. Doyne Bell; Dr. Mouat, F.R.C.S., and myself. Obviously if the ground was to be consolidated we must dig to some little depth, otherwise the sinking might go on and no good end be attained. We had prepared a plan showing the position in which, according to the best historical authorities, the various persons had been interred, and we determined to commence operating on the north side of the chancel, where it was believed, and indeed pretty certain, that Anne Boleyn was buried.

There was a thrill of emotion upon every one present when, at two feet from the surface, we came upon the bones of a woman of from twenty-five to thirty years of age, as Dr. Mouat certified. Anne Boleyn was twenty-nine years old at the time of her death, and there could be no doubt that this was indeed the unhappy Queen. The bones were slender and beautifully formed—narrow feet and hands, delicate limbs in excellent proportion, the vertebrae very small, the atlas (the joint nearest the skull) tiny (remember her laughing at her "lyttel neck" on the eve of her execution!) Every particle of earth was carefully passed through a sieve, so that not a splinter of bone should be left, and all the remains were piously gathered together for re-burial. It was evident that at some time, certainly not less than a century previously, the earth had been disturbed, for the bones were not lying lengthwise, as a complete skeleton, but had been carefully gathered together and replaced. The bones were evidently those of one person, and no other female bones were found near them. There could be no sadder duty than the unearthing of these precious relics: none could have been more reverently performed. We spoke in whispers, tears were in our voices. The spell of the place was upon us. The very workmen who dug, and sifted the earth, touched the fragments as delicately as if the spirit of the dead Queen had been watching them. It was Lord Mayor's Day, and an alderman had been elected out of a ward lying near the Tower: as we worked, deeply penetrated with the tragic sense, the trumpets and kettle-drums of the procession, braying out some trivial march, were passing outside. I can hear now, after all these years, the music of a gaudy pageant breaking in upon what must remain as a solemn memory to the dying day of every man present. But the contrast! Outside the Tower a newly fledged Lord Mayor carried, with all the circumstance of civic pomp, to his turtle and his dignities; inside the church a murdered Queen lying in the silence of an almost forgotten tomb. Sadly we carried the remains in a box under lock and key to the Governor's house, to be kept there until the chapel should be ready to receive them once more.

Two feet lower down we came upon the cause of the sinking, the carelessly constructed grave of one Hanna Beresford, who was buried in 1750, and to make room for

whom Queen Anne Boleyn's skeleton had been removed, but happily not scattered.

Lord Rochford, Anne Boleyn's brother, was buried immediately under the north wall of the chancel, and close to her. There was no structural necessity for removing the earth here, and indeed it would have imperilled the Blount monument so to do, so no disturbance took place. Northumberland and Somerset the Protector were buried between the two Queens, Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. When on the 11th of the month we continued the work, digging to the south of Anne Boleyn's grave we found the bones of a tall and stalwart man, corresponding to the description of the Duke of Northumberland, but it was disconcerting to find the skull—surely the head would be exposed on London Bridge as the "head of a traitor": was not this a death-blow to all possibility of identification of all the remains? If in one case the identification were disproved, a doubt at the very least must be cast on all. With faint hearts we turned up the records and found that after the execution of Northumberland the head as a matter of grace was not exposed, but was allowed to be buried with the body. In this way what seemed to raise a doubt became an indirect witness of accuracy. In every place indicated by tradition or record we found remains exactly tallying with the descriptions of the persons who had been buried. Somerset's bones were found displaced. In the spot reputed as the grave of the good old Countess of Salisbury, the bones of an aged woman, tall and delicate, with tapering hands and narrow feet; near her the skeleton of a younger woman, without a doubt Lady Rochford. Of Katherine Howard not a trace, but she was so young that the greedy lime would make short work of eating her hardly developed bones. Under the altar it was recorded that Monmouth lay, not, as is usual, east and west, but north and south, and there sure enough was a dead man lying as indicated. With such a chain of confirming evidence could there be any doubt as to our having held in our hands the very bones of Anne Boleyn and the other victims of those unforgiving times?

The actual whereabouts of the graves of the saintly Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley was unrecorded: we found nothing to clear the mystery.

On April 13th, 1877, the work about the chancel having been completed and the ground and walls made secure, we re-interred the relics in seven solid leaden caskets, fastened down in oak boxes one inch thick. On each box was fixed an escutcheon of lead on which was engraved the name of the person whose remains it was supposed to contain, with the dates of death and re-burial. The caskets were placed in the positions in which the bones were found, and a plan on vellum recording the various spots was deposited among the records of the Tower. The Chaplain of St. Peter's, the Rev. E. Jordan Roberts, was present at the solemn ceremony. The remains were at last and for the first time decently committed to the earth, it may be hoped never again to be moved, and the reproach of Lord Macaulay's stinging words was wiped out.



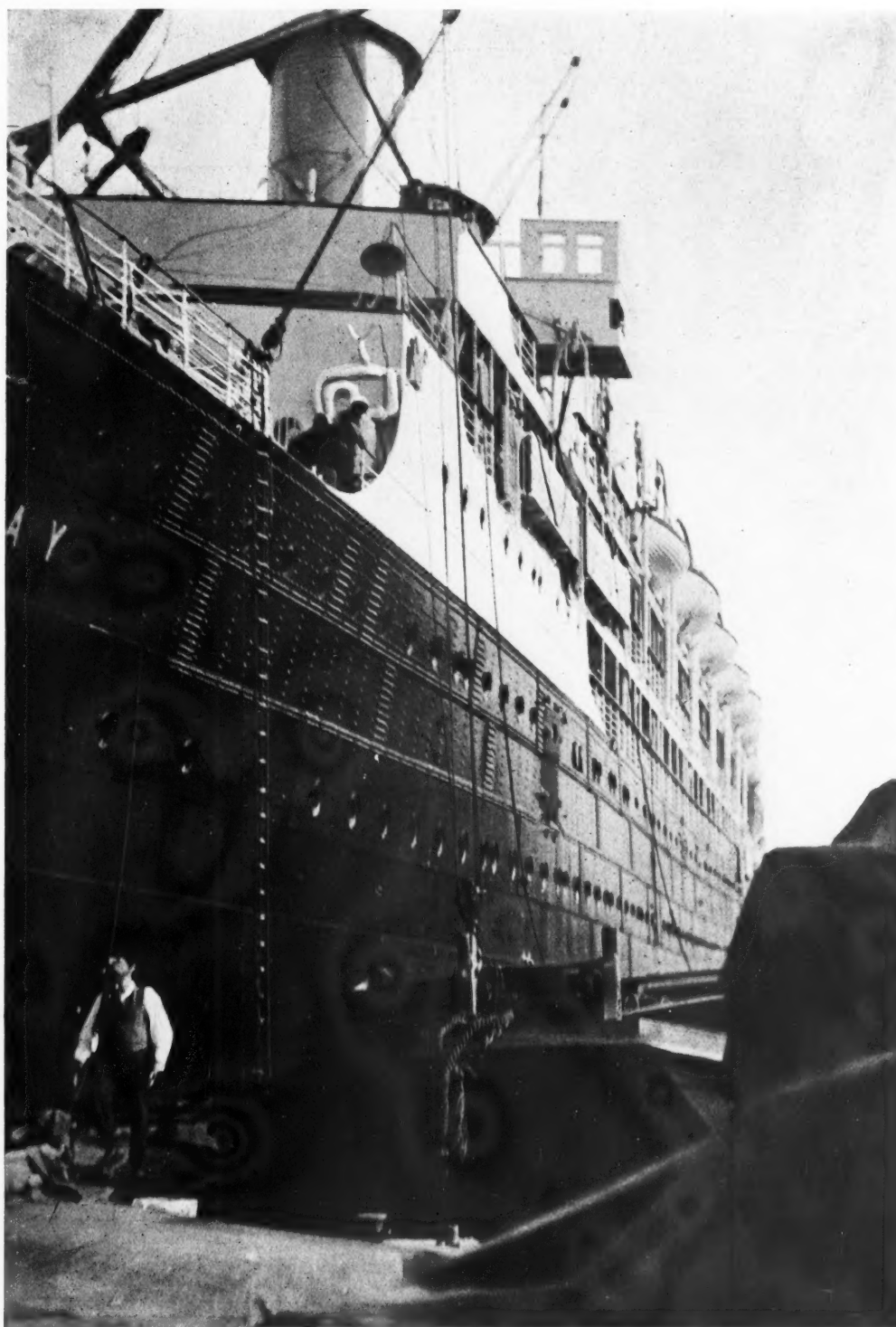
LONDON'S TRADE AND THE WAR

BY LEONARD J. REID.

THE foreign sightseer, who rarely penetrates east of Temple Bar—unless it be to visit the Tower of London—or south of the Thames, might be excused for carrying away the impression that we are a nation of shopkeepers. London has no one great trade that obtrudes itself upon the attention of the casual visitor. Go to Manchester, and within an hour you will say to yourself “cotton”; to Bradford, and equally soon you will say “wool.” It is not so with London. London is the greatest of all the world's trade centres; but, by its very size and amazing diversity, its trade—and I use the word “trade” in its widest sense—escapes the efforts to sum it up of all but the closest enquirers. I doubt if more than a very few of the eight million people who live in and

around the fringes of Greater London could give any intelligent survey of the multifarious ways in which they all make their living. As to the effects of the war on London's many-sided trade activities, the theme will fill a library of volumes by the historians of the future.

First of all, London is the greatest port in the world; then, closely connected with that fact (partly as cause, partly as effect) exists “the city proper,” comprising the great banks and financial houses, the Stock Exchange, Lloyds and the insurance companies; there is Mincing Lane, perhaps the first commodity market in the world; and there are the separate markets or exchanges for meat (Smithfield), for fish (Billingsgate), for vegetables, fruit and flowers (Covent Garden), for grain, coal, wool, provisions, and for practically



Walter Benington.

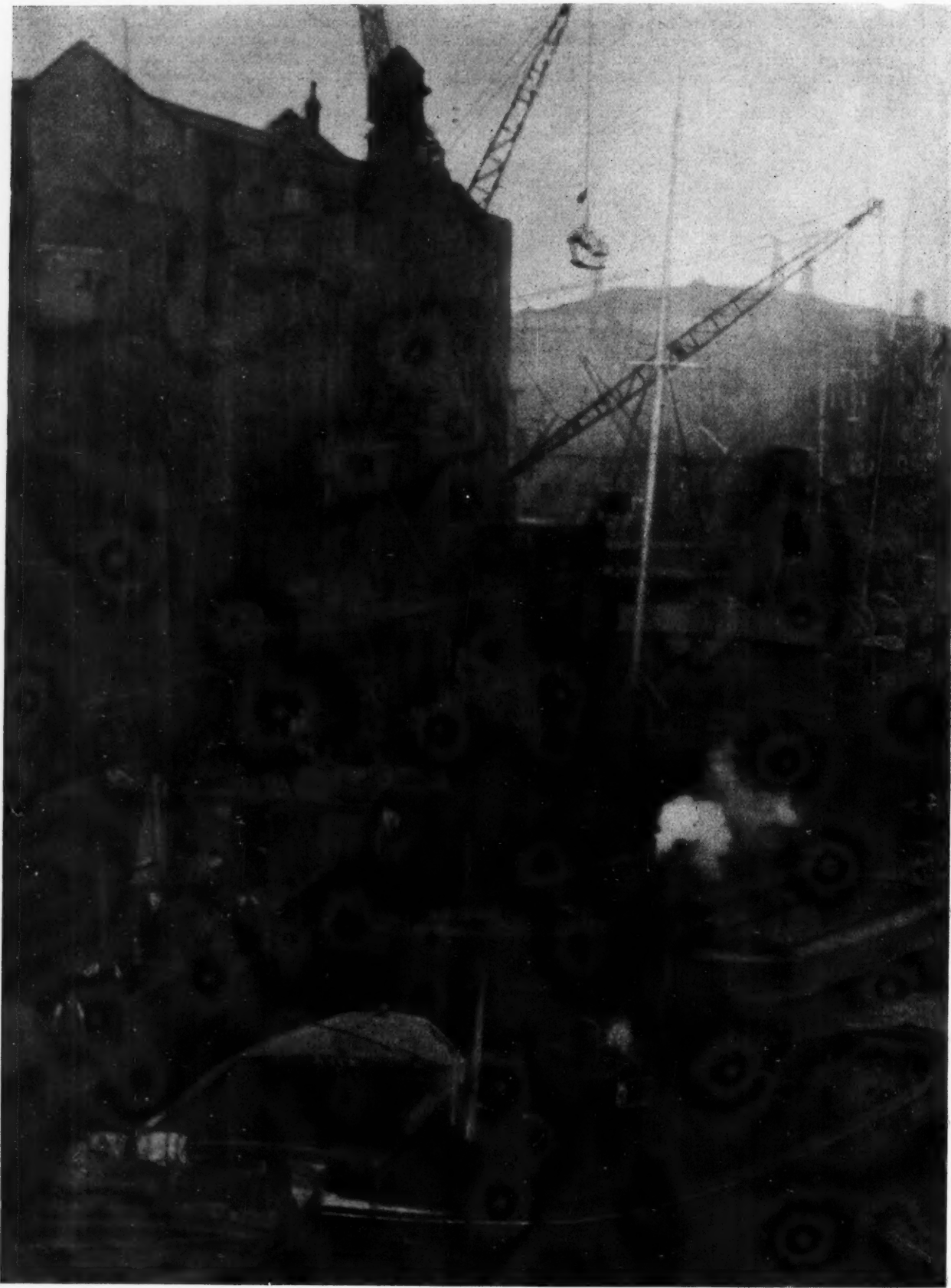
AT THE DOCKS.

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every one of the chief commodities. In a word, London is the greatest distributor, purveyor, storage house, financier and banker in the world. The greatness of this fact is apt to make one forget London as a manufacturer, and yet London is a very great manufacturer of many things. Think of the

and shops. That is necessarily a very superficial survey, from which are omitted, for example, the catering and amusements industries, and others.

How has the war affected all this? In spite of proximity to the war area, the Port of London has fairly well held its



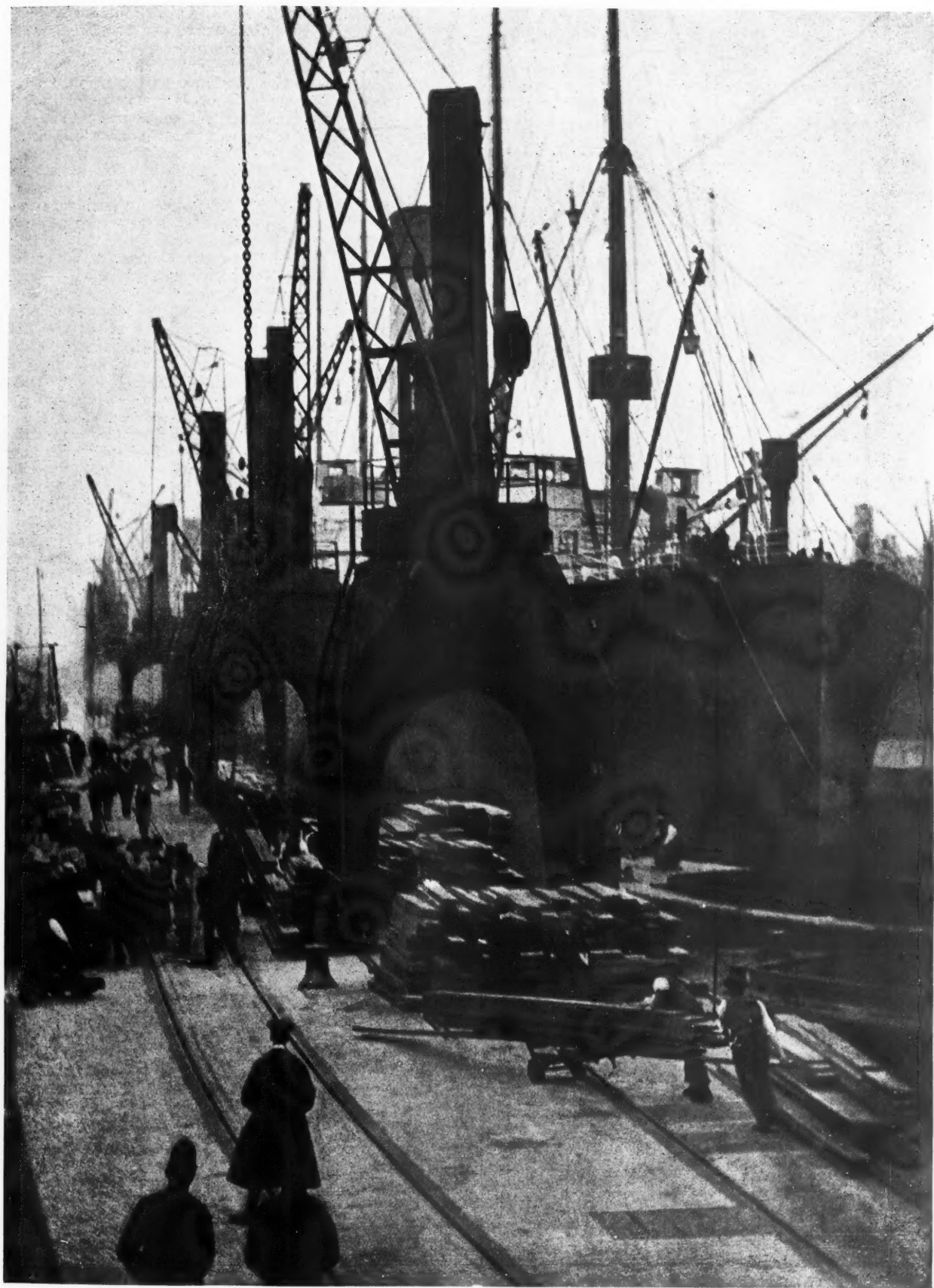
Waller Benington.

CRANES IN DOCKLAND.

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shipbuilding yards, the munitions of Woolwich Arsenal, the tanneries of Bermondsey, and the numerous breweries, to mention only four trades. Then there is the great host of transport workers, and the multitude of wholesale and—to satisfy the foreign visitor I must add—retail stores

position in relation to the total trade of the United Kingdom, and, thanks to the vigilance of the Navy and the courage of the Mercantile Marine, that trade has, as we all know, been very heavy indeed. The Port has gained trade at the expense of Southampton, and lost some to Liverpool. Liverpool



Waller Benington.

UNLOADING TIMBER.

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has also gained at the expense of Southampton, which is now so much given over to military traffic. In the old days of peace London imported enormous quantities of goods and then exported them. Much of this trade has been lost, for much merchandise of this class which formerly used to pass *via* London now goes direct from one foreign port to another, partly to save tonnage, and partly to avoid a double journey through the war area. How much of this trade will come back to London after the war is a difficult question. Nevertheless, as a whole, London has maintained her position as the world's first port. While speaking of the Port, one may add that shipowners have had prosperous times and shipbuilders' yards are active. The present state of the Port of London would surely convince even Von Tirpitz that his submarines are not bringing England to her knees.

Volumes have already been written about the effect of the war on the "City," and especially that part of it which centres round Lombard Street—the home of *La haute Finance*. The first effect was to show how, to a far greater extent than anyone had realised, London, thanks to her great free markets and world-wide trade, took toll of the world's commerce and financed it.

The "Bill on London" had become the currency of international trade. When the coming of war suddenly threw the machinery of world commerce out of gear, London found herself in the proud position of being creditor to the rest of the world to the extent of £200,000,000, and no one could buy a "bill on London." To quote a well known authority, London could have put the rest of the world in the bankruptcy court. Consequently, the exchanges rushed up in our favour. The position necessitated the hasty and sweeping measures put into force at once by Mr. Lloyd George, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and soon the wheels were working again slowly, restrainedly, but safely.

Later on our enormous imports from America and other neutrals drove the exchanges against us, and again Government action was necessary. But the great fact to remember is that London has maintained her place as the financier and banker of the world's trade. She will start as such when peace returns. No one has taken her place. New York had the opportunity to do so, but lacked the machinery; no one else could do so.

What of the banks in war-time? The great joint stock banks have been the very backbone of the finance of the British and of the whole Allied cause. They have sent their men of military age to the war, filled their places with women, and coped with greater volumes of work than ever before. Insurance, especially maritime insurance, has assumed a greatly enhanced importance, and the companies have carried on nobly under the same conditions as the banks with regard to personnel. Incidentally, both types of company have earned good profits for their shareholders.

Mincing Lane and the great produce markets have perhaps felt the stress of war more than any other section of the commercial community. Exporters, importers and merchants are hampered at every turn by official restrictions, and regulations under the Defence of the Realm Act are perpetually before their eyes. Few, perhaps, doubt that the volume and complexity of Government restrictions have in the main been necessary; but official interference is always disliked by traders.

Great merchants of the City of London recently held a meeting to protest against the ever-increasing

interference, and to claim its withdrawal at the earliest possible date. Food markets have, of course, in recent times felt the hand of the Food Controller heavy upon them.

In company with Mincing Lane as a war sufferer one must place Throgmorton Street. On the outbreak of war the Stock Exchange was closed for five months and then reopened under a host of necessary but hampering restrictions. It is true that business after the reopening slowly and steadily revived; great War Loans were weathered and carried, and now speculation even has reared its head again. But it is not the Stock Exchange of old. Apart from official restrictions, many of which still remain, it is the human element which is wrong. You cannot have a good market without the young and vigorous men, who are its life and soul. In March, 1914, the total number of members and clerks having the *entrée* of "the House" was 7,276. In April, 1917, it was 5,656, of whom 3,000 were away serving with the Colours and 1,050 engaged on work of national importance, leaving some 1,600 elderly or infirm men to do the work of 7,000. Women have not been admitted to the Stock Exchange even in these days—except as flag-sellers on Red Cross days.

I have spoken very briefly of the Port, of shipping, imports and exports, of the great markets, of "the City" and all that mysterious term connotes. Closer to the daily life and observation of the Londoner are the shops, great and small, and the hotels. Many letters have appeared in the Press complaining that the big shop and store has gone ahead at the expense of the small retailer. That the big stores, such as Selfridge's, Harrods and their competitors, have done remarkably well is true. Even now, after nearly three and a half years of war, the shopping scene in the West End is as animated as ever, and much money—far too much from the national point of view—is being spent on luxuries. Whether the small retailers as a whole have done badly is too sweeping a question to answer, and there are no figures available on which to base a decision. But it is certain that all who deal in furniture (especially secondhand) and cheap jewellery and many articles which come above the line of the necessary have had very prosperous times. Small shops, too, of many various kinds have taken part in special war activities. If you visit your tailor, you find him overwhelmed with khaki orders; if you take your watch to be cleaned, the watchmaker is making parts for torpedoes; if you take a tennis racket to be mended, you find the athletic shop engaged in making submarine nets, and so on. In every sphere of trade and commerce Londoners, small men and big, have been equal to the occasion and have held their own.

There is always romance to be found in connection with the trade of a great city. There is a story, vouched for by a Cambridge Professor, that in walking along the streets of London he saw emerging resplendent from a motor car a man whom he knew recently to have been in trouble and whom he had often assisted. The Professor asked him the cause of the new prosperity, and the man replied, "Oh, I have invented a new trade. I buy the fruit skins from the jelly makers and sell them to the jam makers." Amid all the changes and chances of war-time I feel sure many new trades must have sprung up. Some of them are perhaps more romantic and, let us hope, less sordid than the traffic in jelly makers' refuse. One new industry which is certainly the very opposite of sordid is the wonderful manufacture of artificial limbs for our wounded heroes.



W. Benington.

BALES OF HIDES.

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THE ANTIQUE PLATE OF THE CITY OF LONDON

OF all the minor treasures that the past has handed down to the present the most distinguished is work in the precious metals; it is likewise among the most romantic. Every fine piece of plate has an interesting history which is not always known. It has belonged to one or a succession of persons likely to be worth recalling. It has been presented, perhaps, in memory of some event or in honour of some accomplishment. It is a record and a memorial as well as a work of art. Of the plate that belongs to our great Companies, Colleges and Corporations this is specially true. Most of it keeps, and was intended to keep, green the memory of some pious or generous individual. If time, *edax rerum*, had been less voracious our inheritance in this kind would be richer. Just as the Reformation flung into the melting pot the bulk of mediæval treasures in silver and gold, so the Revolution of the seventeenth century involved the destruction of much—probably most—of the Tudor plate which had accumulated during a hundred prosperous years. It is a sad pity, but the loss of so much enhances the value and exalts the interest of what has survived. Moreover, the generations that followed from the Restoration down to the opening of the age of machinery were no whit behind their predecessors in artistic endowment, and the social cataclysm destined to destroy their output has not yet come and we may, with trembling, express the hope that it will be long deferred.

London's wealth in old plate is mainly in the possession of the Corporation and the City Companies. Proud and loyal members of those distinguished bodies have presented their gifts generation after generation, and most of what has been given during the last two centuries has been preserved, with constant increase in interest and value as its years have become more. Standing salts, trencher salts, drinking cups of many kinds, flagons, tankards, dishes and ewers, wine-coolers, punch-bowls, tureens, porringers, candlesticks and what-not—you can find them all in profusion in the plate-chests of the City, and a comfortable association of good cheer, generous hospitality and municipal pride lingers about them.

A special prestige overshadowed the standing salt—a piece of plate which in mediæval days possessed peculiar significance. The etiquette book of the Court of Burgundy—"Les Honneurs de la Cour"—deals at length with the pride of salts, how they are to be placed for dignity before princes, one great salt to each, and so forth. Of such magnificent mediæval salts none remains. We can only re-create them from the Duc de Berry's manuscript illuminations and the descriptions of inventories. Trencher salts of smaller dimensions supplied the needs of humbler folk. They were called salt-cellars from their French designation *salier*, a name which came into England with the Normans, I am told. The standing salts were endowed with a variety of forms:



THE SEYMOUR SALT.

English, 1662; height, 10½ inches. The property of the Goldsmiths' Company.



THE SUMNER SALT OF THE MERCERS' COMPANY.

London, 1679.

ing," but thus together grouped for convenience of classification.

Next in importance to the standing salt among the articles of plate used by our ancestors was the standing cup, which, although placed in an important position at the beginning of dinner, was passed round the table after being drunk from by the host and his most important guests, so that those of lower degree might also imbibe their share of its contents. In the same way, before forks came into general use, the rosewater dish and ewer were passed around so that the diners might wash their fingers which had become soiled and greasy by the passing of meat from trencher to mouth.



THE GIBBON SALT.

London, 1756; height, 12 ins. The property of the Goldsmiths' Company.

The hour-glass shape of the fifteenth century wrought in the Gothic style, the cylindrical, rectangular and bell-shaped of Tudor and Stuart periods with Renaissance decoration, the spool-shaped of late seventeenth century, the Georgian bowl-shaped—not all of them well described as "stand-

ing" and workers who produced them, but also of the artistic taste of those who acquired them in past centuries and handed them down to their present possessors as trustees for future generations.

Among the treasures of the Goldsmiths' Company, which comprise more articles of the kind referred to above than can now be described, there is a standing salt of uncommon form and great beauty known as the Seymour Salt, so named because of its having been presented to the Company by Thomas Seymour in 1693. Its octagonal body is formed of a piece of cut crystal, held in position by vertical bands of silver connected with ornamental fringes attached to its wide-spreading base and upper part. The base and upper part are formed of broad moulded bands enriched with pierced flowerwork, and have winged cherubs' heads on the angles. The base is supported by eight lions couchant, and where the base is connected with the body the angles are ornamented with rams alternating with figures of boys and cherubs. The circular salt bowl is let into the middle of the flat top and on the angles of the octagonal cornice which surrounds it are set four large eagles perched on orbs alternating with small greyhounds each sitting on a smaller orb. Every part



STATE SALT CELLAR OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Hall marked, London, 1730; height, 10 ins. to top of the brackets.

except the crystal body is of silver gilt wrought by hand and finished with the graver.

The following interesting entry in connection with this salt occurs in Pepys' Diary under date April 27th, 1662: "Visited the Mayor, Mr. Timbrell, our anchor-smith, who showed us the present they have for the Queene; which is a salt-cellar of silver, the walls chrystall, with four eagles and four greyhounds standing up at the top to bear up a dish; which indeed is one of the neatest pieces of plate that ever I saw." Whether or not this salt was ever presented to the Queen, as intended, does not appear, nor has any evidence been found as to how Sir Thomas Seymour became possessed of it before presenting it to the Goldsmiths' Company.

Another fine standing salt belonging to the Goldsmiths' Company is the Gibbon Salt, presented to the Company by Samuel Gibbon in 1632. The central part of this salt is also of crystal, formed as a hollow pentagonal shaft within which is a figure of Neptune, and connected with the base of the crystal shaft is an embossed circular mound of silver resting on a rectangular base with an urn-shaped support at each corner. Above the crystal body is the salt bowl, which, with the rectangular structure enclosing it, is supported by four Ionic columns. The cover, in its lower part, is a duplication of the part enclosing the salt bowl

The standing salts and standing cups preserved in the City of London are nearly all objects of great beauty, and afford proof not only of the skill of the designers

on which it rests, and has a small ribbed dome with a vase-shaped terminal on each of its four sides, while in the centre is a large dome embossed with foliage, fruit, flowers and masks in cartouches; surmounting the dome is a large vase with an ovolo-enriched base and an elliptical body enriched with festoons of flowers and fruit, over which is a spice box supported by S-shaped scrolls and a small vase-shaped finial.

Standing salts formed of wrought silver combined with crystal are frequently found mentioned in inventories of the Early Stuart period. In an inventory dated August 13th, 1649, of the "Plate in the Jewell Houses of the Tower of London," the following entries occur:

| | |
|--|------------|
| One high salt with three pillars and a cristall ball and a cover valued at | 16 : 0 : 0 |
| 2 clocke salts standing upon 4 christall balls and four christall pillars each with aggatt salts set on the topp and gold covers valued at | 77 : 0 : 0 |
| A large pillar salt with four double pillars 4 christall and 4 silver gilt set in the top with figures valued at | 25 : 0 : 0 |

Other somewhat similar entries (of about the same date) in which agates and other precious stones, as well as crystal,

are found mentioned as being combined with silver and gold in the formation of standing salts and standing cups may be cited as showing the high estimation in which these articles were held in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In the reign of Charles II standing salts were made of a much simpler pattern than in earlier times, the form then most general being an adaptation of the hour-glass pattern, now known as "spool-shaped." Examples of this form of salt are preserved in the Tower of

Of the standing cups in the City of London one of the most magnificent examples is the Bowes Cup, which bears the London hall-marks of the year 1554-5, and was presented by Sir Martin Bowes in 1561 to the Goldsmiths' Company, by whom it has ever since been preserved.

A fine example of English plate of the seventeenth century is afforded by the Pepys Cup of the Clothworkers' Company, the gift of Samuel Pepys when Master of the Company in 1677. The form of the cup, with its nearly cylindrical



THE BOWES CUP.

Hall marked, London, 1554; height, 19½ ins. The property of the Goldsmiths' Company.

London and in the collections of the Mercers' Company, the Clothworkers' Company and others.

The State Salt Cellar of the City of London, which was given by Thomas Carbonnel in 1741 for the use of the Lord Mayor's banquet, is one of the latest forms of State salt as distinguished from the ordinary salt cellar or trencher salt. It is a large bowl of somewhat hemispherical form enriched with vertically arranged bands of applied strap-work embossed with rosettes, conventional foliage and scrolls; and attached to the rim are four brackets formed of double scrolls, terminating with female heads for supporting a napkin, a plate or other cover.



THE PEPYS CUP.

1677; height, 22½ ins. The property of the Clothworkers' Company.

bowl, baluster stem, and domical foot and cover, is characteristic of the Charles II period, but the manner of its decoration is far from common; the bowl, foot and cover—which are silver gilt—being enclosed within separately wrought pierced casings of ungilt silver, embossed with cartouches, conventional foliage and animals in low relief, from which the interstices have been cut away, whereby the silver gilt background is exposed to view.

PARTIAL STERILISATION OF SOIL AS A WAY OF INCREASING PRODUCTIVENESS

BY DR. E. J. RUSSELL.

[Since an article appeared in this paper explaining the manner in which Lieutenant Truffaut had in the gardens at Versailles applied the theory of Partial Sterilisation of the Soil enunciated at Rothamsted, many readers have asked for further particulars of a system which promises to effect nothing short of a revolution in agriculture. They will find their enquiries fully answered in the article which is printed below.—ED.]

LIKE many other discoveries in agricultural science, the discovery that partial sterilisation of soil increases productiveness had a twofold origin; it was made by practical men working in the field, and also quite independently by men of science working in the laboratory. As a result the main facts are now fairly well established, though a great deal of work remains to be done before the practical field application is fully completed, or before the scientific investigations will be in any sense exhausted.

The central fact is that any method of partial sterilisation, or in plainer English of mild killing, when applied to the soil has the effect of increasing the growth of crops that are sown subsequently. The simplest and most scientific explanation is that the soil organisms helpful to the crop are on the whole more resistant to adverse circumstances than organisms which are not so helpful, and in consequence any treatment that kills some, but not all, of the organisms will on the whole improve the soil as a medium for plant growth.

The direct field observations go back at least thirty-five years and probably longer. For sixty years or more the vine growers of France and Italy have injected carbon disulphide into the soil of their vineyards to kill the dreaded pest, phylloxera. So successful was the treatment that it became very widespread; it is recorded in 1873 that over 200,000 acres were receiving carbon disulphide. Rather more than half an ounce was given per square yard to keep the pest in check, but for the *traitement d'extinction* some six or eight ounces were required. In course of time it was found that the larger dressings not only killed phylloxera but also increased the productiveness of the soil: the vines had all the appearance of having received nitrogenous manure. Two Italians, Gavazza and Vassallo, recorded the fact in 1884, but the first statement to attract much attention was that made by Oberlin, an Alsatian vine grower, in 1894. About this time also Girard in France used carbon disulphide to clear a piece of ground badly infested with nematodes, and found that not only were the nematodes killed, but the productiveness of the land was also increased.

Another set of observations goes back to much older times. From time immemorial it has been observed that heating the soil increases its productiveness. Virgil refers to this in his *Georgics*, the old Indian writers mention it, and primitive peoples in all parts of the world have practised the method. The effect of heat is rather more complex than that of carbon disulphide because it not only brings about partial sterilisation, but also effects a certain amount of decomposition. In the end a double benefit is produced; the soil population is improved so far as the plant is concerned, and its work is lightened because part of the decomposition it normally has to effect is done by the heat.

These scattered observations attracted little attention, and in any case they were regarded as applying only to the special cases of nematode-infested soils or vineyards affected with phylloxera: the general principle outlined above was not recognised.

The laboratory work was carried out at a number of institutions, but probably more has been done at Rothamsted than anywhere else. It was at Rothamsted that the general principle was first enunciated that treatment harmful to life tends to be beneficial to soil productiveness as soon as conditions become favourable to plant growth, while treatment beneficial to life tends to a falling off in fertility. It is at Rothamsted also that the analysis of the soil population is being systematically carried out, so that the useful organisms can be picked out and identified with certainty and the harmful organisms can be equally clearly identified. This work is naturally very prolonged, and it is made all the more difficult—but also all the more interesting—by the circumstance that some of the organisms are new to science and have not previously been described.

Once this general principle was recognised the next step was to divide up the investigations into two parts—one dealing with the organisms involved and their rôle in the phenomena of soil fertility, the other being an attempt to carry the principle out in practice.

The practical application, of course, looked at first sight hopelessly ridiculous. It seemed palpably absurd to try partial sterilisation on any field scale. The cost alone was outrageous. On our laboratory methods it amounted to some 5s. per ton of soil, or £250 per acre.

For solving a practical problem it is wise to enlist the sympathy of the practical man. The tomato and cucumber growers of the Lea Valley are always ready to adopt any steps likely to increase their output per acre. They became interested in the process and arranged demonstrations to show what partial sterilisation could do. The results were satisfactory, but the methods were too cumbersome. The practical man, however, soon found ways round practical difficulties, and the following is the method as it is done to-day: Steam is blown from a boiler under a large tray 6ft. by 8ft., placed on the soil. It rapidly penetrates and heats the soil to a depth of 8ins. or 9ins. The cost was about £30 per acre till the recent rise in prices. But this method is not final. In a recent visit Captain the Hon. Rupert Guinness, who has had considerable experience of large scale working, observed several directions in which economies might be made, and he proceeded, with the help of Mr. E. H. Richards, to devise a suitable machine, which is now being constructed.

Experiments with potatoes showed that the method is capable of giving notable increases in crop. It also brought out the important advantage that the weeds were killed, so that subsequent cleanings were unnecessary. Further, it is known that soil diseases and pests are killed also. When it is remembered that the potato grower already spends some £25 to £30 per acre in growing his crop, it is evident that heating the soil might become quite a feasible operation for him if the cost could be brought down much further. Captain Guinness' experiments in this direction will be watched with much interest.

The other method by which partial sterilisations have been carried out is by the use of antiseptics. Several conditions are necessary. The antiseptic must be cheap; it must attack the higher organisms; and it must disappear from the soil, either by volatilisation or by decomposition, as soon as its work is done. Carbon disulphide was used by vine growers in the old days and in our own laboratory experiments with much success. Lieutenant Truffaut also used it in the remarkable experiments recently described in *COUNTRY LIFE*. In this country it has the disadvantage that it comes under the ban of the railway companies owing to its inflammable nature. Toluene gave good results in the laboratory trials, but it also is inflammable. Hitherto the Lea Valley growers have used carbolic acid and the very similar body cresylic acid (known as liquid carbolic acid). These prove effective; they have the necessary killing power and, most remarkable of all, they are themselves attacked by certain soil organisms and broken down before they have time to interfere much with the growth of the plant.

The search for the soil steriliser still continues, and it has recently taken on a wider significance. Now that so much grassland has to be ploughed up, a satisfactory soil insecticide has become a great national need. Wireworms, leather-jackets and other pests appear in the young crops on the freshly broken land and do considerable damage. Where there is hardly enough corn for the people there ought to be none for the wireworm. A satisfactory soil insecticide might also prove a satisfactory soil steriliser; at any rate, the double test is being made with the more promising substances. It may be, of course, that the practical difficulties will be great, but the word "impossible" does not occur in the investigator's vocabulary when the underlying principle is known to be sound.



ENGLAND'S RECORD IN WAR FINANCE

BY HARTLEY WITHERS.

IN the matter of war finance this country can claim to have produced achievements which four years ago would have been regarded as utterly impossible even by the most optimistic statisticians. If we take the figures up till the beginning of November last, which gives us just three and a quarter years of the war period, we find that the total expenditure has been 5,837 millions. For the current financial year, which will end on March 31st next, the Budget estimate of expenditure was 2,290 millions, and it is now admitted that these figures will not nearly cover the bill, and that we shall, in fact, spend something over 2,500 millions before this financial year is out. When it is remembered that the highest estimate given of the total aggregate income of the country before the war was 2,400 millions, it would seem at first sight that we are achieving the miraculous feat of withdrawing 4 or 5 millions of the flower of our male population into the Army, at least as many of our most skilful workers into munitions and other war services, and yet at the same time succeeding in spending on the war alone much more than we earned as a nation in time of peace, and maintaining a large proportion of the population at a higher standard of comfort than they ever enjoyed before. We have to remember, however, that the pounds we spend in war-time are by no means the same pounds as we spend in peace. The buying power of the pound has been reduced by something like 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. since the war began, and we must also remember that the figures of war expenditure given above include payments which, in the form of Army pay, allowances to dependents, wages to munition workers and profits to contractors, have done much to produce that flood of prosperity which is such an anomalous accompaniment of this terribly costly war.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that war has proved that we were possessed of financial and economic resources of which we hardly dreamed, and has enabled us by the free use we have made of them to act as the economic mainstay of the cause of liberty and justice during the first three years of the war. We may fairly claim that had it not been for our wealth and the freedom with which we have placed it at the disposal of the Allies, the world would already have been under the domination of Germany and groaning under a ruthless tyranny. Concerning the extent of our financial assistance to our Allies and our own Dominions, the latest figure available is that given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the House of Commons on October 30th last, in which he stated that between August 1st, 1914, and September 29th, 1917, the total of our advances to our Allies was 1,100 millions, and to our Dominions 160 millions, making a grand total of 1,260 millions as the extent to which our brothers in arms have been financed by our Government. But this is not the whole of our achievements in this respect. British investors have sent considerable subscriptions to the loans which have been from time to time offered by the French Government; French and Russian Treasury Bills have been taken up by the London money market, which has also, at the request of the Government, placed credits for considerable amounts at the disposal of the French, Russian and Italian Governments.

And we have done these things much more owing to the great inherent economic strength of the nation than owing to any foresight and cleverness on the part of our rulers in financing the war. It is often said that we were not ready for the war, and it seems to me that it is only in the field of finance that this charge can be fairly brought against us. Our Navy was ready when the war broke out, our Army was ready to provide the Expeditionary Force which we had promised to put down on the left flank of the French Army; everything had been thought out and prepared for its transport. The fact that we afterwards

found it necessary to improvise a huge army on a Continental scale was not owing to any breakdown on our part, since we had done everything that we had promised. The fact that we were able to do so, and at the same time maintain our sea power and provide these enormous sums for the help of our Allies, shows that we were the only nation now at war which has actually done all that it promised, and a great deal more. Nevertheless, in finance it is true that we were not ready. It had been long ago pointed out to the Treasury by the London bankers that if ever, owing to war or any other cause, a banking crisis arose, a supply of paper currency, more convenient to the public than the £5 Bank of England note, would be one of the necessities of the position. This recommendation had been put away in a Treasury pigeon-hole. Consequently, when war came upon us we had to have a four days' Bank Holiday, during which an Act was hastily passed and the printing press was set to work to provide the £1 notes which ought to have been ready beforehand. Ever since then our finance has been conducted by those responsible for it in a happy-go-lucky manner based on the assumption that the war cannot last another six months. Our politicians have been too busy with other matters, and our Treasury officials have been too much overworked, for the preparation of a thought-out, far-seeing scheme of war finance looking a year or two ahead, and seeing how the necessary money can best be found. Our success in finance has been due, not to any great wisdom on the part of our financial rulers, but to the enormous economic strength of the nation, the wealth which its world-wide trade during the past century had poured into its pockets, its trade connections all over the world, and the high estimation in which British credit was held in all civilised countries. These great advantages enabled us to supply the goods that we needed for ourselves and for our Allies by a very great quickening of the productive activity on the part of those members of the population who had not been taken into the Army, by borrowing abroad, thanks to the prestige of our credit, and by selling abroad enormous masses of the Government Bonds and Railway Securities from foreign countries in which we and our ancestors had invested in the prosperous days of peace.

How much exactly we have done in this method of borrowing abroad and selling back to foreigners their own securities which we had formerly bought from them it is not possible to say. Our Government accounts, which are not conspicuous for lucidity at any time, are in these days more obscure than usual, and are also more than usually belated. In this respect, however, we compare well with most of the other warring Powers, and especially with Germany. But if it is not possible to be certain as to the extent to which we have drawn on our credit with other countries and on our accumulated foreign investments, I believe it is not far from the truth to say that by this means we have roughly provided for the sums that we have lent to our Allies and Dominions; that is to say, over 1,200 millions. So that the actual cost of the war to ourselves we have been able to meet out of our own pockets, thanks to the great latent resources and productive power which we find ourselves to possess. How great these resources were may be gauged from an interesting calculation that has been made concerning the annual expenditure per head of the populations of Germany and of the United Kingdom. Statistical estimates of this kind must, of course, be taken with considerable reserve, but they are at least interesting as an indication. It was estimated that before the war the German population was spending about £23 per head per annum, men, women and children, while in this country the average expenditure per head was about £42. This left us with a margin of £19 per head, so that with our population of 47 millions we had a margin of about 900 million pounds per annum available

by merely reducing our average individual expenditure to that of Germany in time of peace, and Germany in time of peace had every appearance of a country in which the mass of the population was at least fairly comfortable. Whatever the value of this calculation, the fact remains that by reducing unnecessary consumption we have been able to provide, either by producing them ourselves or by producing goods to sell to foreigners in exchange for them, all the enormous mass of things, ships, arms, ammunition, etc., required by our Army and Navy, and, at the same time, to improve the standard of living of large masses of our population.

Such is the nation's achievement. When we look at the record of our Governments the position is less satisfactory, though here again we can claim that we have done much better than any of the Allies who are fighting on our side, or any of the enemies against whom we are fighting. A rough test of good war finance is the proportion of the cost of the war that is raised during its course out of revenue. In this respect we have beaten the Germans hollow, since the Germans have raised practically none of the cost of the war in this manner. But when we compare our achievement in this respect with what was done by our forefathers in the time of the Napoleonic and Crimean wars we have less reason for satisfaction. They paid nearly half the cost of these wars as they went on out of revenue—47 per cent. to be exact. During the present war we have raised rather less than 20 per cent. out of revenue, leaving the balance to be found by borrowing. This system carries serious dangers with it. It is piling up an enormous mass of debt, the interest charge on which will raise serious problems for us when the war is over, and it is also producing a good deal of unrest and dissatisfaction among the working classes, who are deluded by the very natural, but quite erroneous, belief that what are called the capitalist

classes are growing richer out of the war while they are being exploited and bled by unscrupulous profiteers. It also tends to produce the evil process known as inflation; that is to say, a creation of currency, or buying power, at a more rapid rate than goods to buy can be turned out. The consequence of this process is debasement of the currency, a rise in prices which greatly increases the cost of the war, and soreness and bitterness among those who believe that the rise in prices is solely due to the machinations of the profiteers.

Thus, great as our achievements have been in the financial field, it is evident that we have yet to make a great effort if our financial staying power, on which the victory on the right side so greatly depends, is to be kept sound and unstrained. Too many people think nowadays that because America's enormous wealth is thrown into the scale on our side there is no need for further anxiety about finance. There could not be a greater mistake. America's resources are truly enormous, but, as the war goes on, the demands upon her of our Allies are likely to be enormous also, and even if we could depend on supplying ourselves with everything that we need from America, we have to remember that every dollar we borrow from her is an addition to a debt which will weigh upon us much more heavily than any debt which we raise at home. If we are to go on with the war as triumphantly in the matter of finance as we have come through the first three years of it, every man and woman among us has to cut down his personal spending as far as he or she possibly can, and hand the money over to the Government, cheerfully paying any higher taxes that are imposed, or subscribing to whatever form of loans the Government offers to us. The more we pay in taxes now the better off we shall all be when peace comes, and the less will be the likelihood of political and social disturbance when the war is over.

MID-VICTORIAN SOCIETY

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

YOU ask me for reminiscences of the breakfast parties and minor social gatherings about the middle and second half of the last century. I have little enough to tell, for I saw nothing of the literary and political world until 1860, and for the next thirty years I was working at the Equity Bar, and as Professor of Jurisprudence. I was the "Needy Knife-grinder," and all that time I had only an occasional look in at Literature, Politics, Society, or Art.

When I came to Lincoln's Inn the great age of the breakfasts of Samuel Rogers and Macaulay, of Holland House, of G. Grote, of Crabb Robinson and the Albany, were only a memory; and I doubt if anything of such quality took their place. If any Amphitryon succeeded them, it was Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton. He, who had seen everything and had known everyone, had a rare social *flair*, by which he would bring together round a small table everyone in London who had any kind of special note whatever, by novelty, reputation, foreign experience, wit, genius, or eccentricity. Neither rank, nor office, nor creed, nor race, nor art, nor public favour formed ground for admission to his board, nor for exclusion. The host himself had a keen eye and a genuine sympathy for whatever gift had a note of its own. The promising new secretary met a foreign exile; the eminent divine was introduced to the youngest heretic; an American traveller from Patagonia sat beside the new novelist; a budding poet beside the tragic actor. Not that there was anything like lion-hunting, or any search after mere "celebrity." Lord Houghton certainly did not seek out celebrities: he made celebrities, because he showed that he had a warm and genuine feeling for any unrecognised merit, and wished to make an unknown man, who had done something, his own personal friend. For my part, I will not believe that the Victorian era had any "host" to be compared with him, whether in his London parties to breakfast, luncheon or dinner, or in his home at Frystone. If anyone could be put by his side it would be Lady Dorothy Nevill, whose luncheon parties had much of the same quality in a more graceful and ladylike atmosphere.

I think the historic breakfasts of the famous lances of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* sets were not memorable beyond the first half of the nineteenth century. But there were, all through the second half of that century, interesting gatherings of the younger ranks of the political, literary, and journalistic worlds. Men like Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, Lord Arthur Russell, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Charles Dilke, George Goschen—not to mention some living persons—had relations with the literary, scientific and academic worlds

as well as with the strictly political. All of these continued to gather round their own boards well chosen groups of politicians, along with writers, journalists, travellers, and foreign men of eminence. There were generally some members of the families of Russell, Stanley, Herbert, Howard, or Fitzmaurice, who were equally interested in what went on in the literary and in the democratic world, as in the social and political world. An active host of this kind was George Brodrick, the son and brother of a peer, a brilliant Oxford prizeman, a *Times* leader-writer, and ultimately popular warden of a famous college. In those days the Universities, Parliament, the public services, law, letters, clubland, and "society" had pleasant touch of each other in the no-man's-land of a truly liberal host, of whom the late Lord Avebury was a conspicuous type.

Breakfasting in an easy way between 9 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. was quite an institution among the younger politicians, journalists, writers, and men in the public service. Perhaps in these more strenuous days such lazy hours are impossible for men who really do hard brain work. But as the House of Commons rarely rose till past midnight, and often sat until 3 a.m. or 4 a.m., officials were hardly visible before noon, and the superior clerks had little to do until 11 a.m. They could easily spare an hour in the morning, after coffee and a few entrées, to talk over the last slasher in the *Quarterly* (by Lord R——t C——l), or about a new idyll by A. T., or about Dizzy's new "dodge," or Bethell's encounter with the bishop. I think a good deal of leader-writing and reviewing work, perhaps some divisions in the House, and some reputations in drawing-rooms, were made and unmade in these amphibious déjeuners of silent M.P.s, briefless barristers and anonymous journalists. The twentieth century, and still more war habits, repudiate the dissolute manners of the Palmerston-Derby-Dizzy régime.

Fifty years ago the most delightful of all social meetings was the morning ride in Hyde Park. I had been a rider from boyhood; and even in my hardest time of work at the Bar or on public service I managed to get an hour after breakfast in the Row. In those days Ministers, Members, officials, lawyers, writers, judges, and soldiers rode in pairs, groups, or whole cavalcades of men and women. One might see quite a thousand at one time. And as one passed from one group to another, or stopped to chat with the walkers on the path, a bright morning in May was quite an epitome of London society.

The ways of "Society" are as changeable as our climate. But few changes have been more singular than the variations in the custom of riding and driving in Hyde Park which I

can recall in some seventy years past. The "Liver Brigade," some 500 hard trotters, doctors and lawyers, from 8 a.m. to 9 a.m. Then from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. Ministers, M.P.s, judges and social notables, often one or two thousand. From noon to 2 p.m., "Society" in full bloom, lovely women, idle men, noble horses, several thousand thick, so close that it was almost impossible to canter through the throng. Then an empty Row from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.; another thousand horsemen from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. Of these, be it remembered, between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m., all the men in trousers, top silk hat and black coat; ladies in long skirts and plumed regulation hats. The word went round, and lo! the Row was empty all day after 9 a.m., save for a few men dressed like grooms at exercise and schoolroom girls learning to ride cross-saddle. I have known Hyde Park crowded with smart cyclists when the rage set in; also with smart carriages so close in line that any movement was impossible. On one famous "meet of drags" the carriages were not all got home till midnight. Democracy, week-ends, motoring, the whims of fine ladies, make a kaleidoscope of manners from year to year.

I do not think "freak" parties have ever been attempted in London on the scale of those in New York; but some novel arrangements have been tried with more or less of success. A famous surgeon had his "octaves"—dinners at 8 p.m., in eight, exquisite courses, with eight guests representing eight different arts, sciences and tastes. Perhaps it was felt to be somewhat artificial, for the great expert was no Monckton Milnes himself. A very handsome hostess would place opposite at her table two famous art critics whose bitter controversies had amused the Town. "Oh!" she said, "there's a great bowl of roses between them; they cannot see each other, much less continue the duel." Another popular hostess would have four and twenty at her splendid table—husbands without wives, and wives without husbands—"The husbands and wives," she explained, "are coming in the evening!" And there, sure enough, a Royal Pretender to a foreign throne had to meet the Ambassador of the *de facto* Sovereign. A popular peer, who lived in Whitehall, had original dinner-parties of a very free-and-easy kind. The hours were any time between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m.; morning dress; a dozen separate tables with six covers each, the guests being Members from either House of Parliament as they chanced to drop in, and with them writers, actors, painters, diplomats,

foreigners and travellers, just as they happened to come. The noble host welcomed them one after another, introduced them, if necessary, to the table at which he placed them, and was himself the busiest of them all. It was interesting; but what a tremendous call on the tact and energy of my lord, and what a strain, like that of a first-class restaurant, on the *cuisine* and the *service*! It was a Savoy supper given in a private house.

My own very limited experience of house-parties makes me doubt if any host has yet solved the problem of breakfasts in a big country house. Where the house-party are all of the same rank, taste and habits it may be done. Any large miscellaneous party, having different interests, ways of life and occupations, may readily join at luncheon, dinner or supper. But in the morning their habits and tastes differ widely. Some rise at dawn, others but little before noon. Some are bent on sport, horses, cars, picnics, flowers and sauntering in the woods. Of twenty persons, no three have exactly the same wants and likings in the morning. A general breakfast at a fixed hour is a nuisance. The desultory breakfasts at separate tables from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. spoil the day. Breakfasts without servants to wait cause endless confusion and running about the sideboards. Breakfasts with servants to wait check the intimate early gossip over letters, telegrams, newspapers and plans for the day. There was a particularly irritating rule at Skibo Castle that no guest should help another, not even the lady sitting next to him at the table. In the absence of servants the whole house-party, women and all, were constantly walking about the room, carrying cups of tea, plates of salmon or cold grouse.

I fear I have said very little about the talking. Well! of all my reminiscences, I give the palm of table-talking to Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke. I say this, great as were John Bright, Gladstone, Ruskin, Huxley, George Meredith, Matthew Arnold or Robert Browning. I have no right to dogmatise—being an old hulk laid up on the mud—but I fear me much that the Table-Talk of the Victorian age is no more. Many things have smothered it—parties at hotels and restaurants, week-end raging about the country in cars, the "speeding-up" of everything, "bridge," the shirt-sleeve slovenliness of manners, the replacing of literature by vapid slang, and the triumph of cheap journalism, dominating politics, art, letters and morals.

IN DOCKLAND

BY THOMAS BURKE.

FROM my earliest observing moments docks and stations have been, for me, the most romantic spots of the city in which I was born and bred. Quays and wharves, cuts, reaches, basins, steel tracks and passenger trains, and all that belonged to the life of the waterside and the railway spoke to me of illimitable travel amid distant, and therefore desirable, things.

This feeling I share, I suppose, with millions of other men and children who have been reared in coast cities, and whose minds respond to the large invitations offered by sooty smoke-stacks or the dim outline of a station roof. And if these things pierced the complacency of one's days in the past, how much deeper and more significant their message to-day, when men fare forth in ships and trains to new perils unimagined in the quieter years.

That apart, I see docks and railway stations, not in their economic or historic aspect, but in the purely picturesque light, as perhaps the most emphatic glory of London. For its greater architectural beauties I care little. Abbeys, cathedrals, old churches, leave me cold; the fine shudder about the shoulders I receive more definitely from those haphazard wizardries of brick and iron flung together by the momentary demands of commerce. Their very ugliness makes a new beauty. Belching chimneys, flaring furnaces, the depressing smell of wet coal mingled with tar, bilge-water and the sight of brown sails and surly funnels and swinging cranes—in these things I find that delight that others receive from contemplation of Salisbury Cathedral or the Alhambra at Granada.

The docks of London lie closely in a group: Wapping, Shadwell, Rotherhithe, Poplar, Limehouse, Isle of Dogs, Blackwall and North Woolwich; but each possesses its own fine-flavoured individuality. You may know at once by that indefinable sense that informs you subconsciously, whether you stand in London Docks, Surrey Commercial Docks,

West India Docks, East India Docks, Millwall Docks or Victoria and Albert Docks. To me, the West India and East India Docks are full of the bright odour and placid clamour of the East, with something of feminine allure in the quality of their appeal. Victoria and Albert Docks I find gaunt and colourless; the London Docks remind me of some coarse merchant from the Royal Exchange, vulgar in speech, clothes and character.

About the East and West India Docks lies the Chinatown of London, lending a touch of the bizarre to this wan, waste quarter; and at evening you may brush shoulders with spruce young Chinamen, cat-like Hindus, jungle-treading Dyaks, Javanese, Manillans, Japanese and nondescript vagabonds from the lost corners of the Pacific. The stealthy lights of the shops stammer through the dusk. Songs and smokes curl from its tiny courtyards. From a seaman's home you hear the plucking of a Chinese fiddle, the most melancholy instrument ever invented; from the river, a solemn voice wailing a chantey whose words are best not known, to the music of rushing chains and pulley blocks. The acrid tang of the produce on sale in the stores—dried seaweed, sharks' fins, bitter melon, bamboo shoots and long-pickled eggs—bites nose and lips.

By day or by dark these streets are scarcely such as one would build one's dreams upon. By day the impudent sunshine falls upon them, stripping them of their grey secrets. By night cold shadows crowd fearfully upon one another. Lean streets turn sharply away, slinking with malicious eagerness to nowhere. There are long, faltering streets; brisk, bold streets; mischievous passages; all very ordinary London streets; yet, because of the black, yellow and brown men parading them, a little disquieting to the London mind.

But I have stood for hours on the ridiculous bridge of the Isle of Dogs, in sunlight or twilight, grey mist or velvet

darkness, building my dreams, while watching the boats dropping down stream to the oceans of the world and their ports with honey-syllabled names—Swatow, Rangoon, Manila, Mozambique, Amoy—returning, in normal times, with fantastic cargoes of cornelian and jade, malachite and onyx, fine shapes of ivory and coral, sharp spices of betel-nut and bhang, and a secret tin or two of li-un; perhaps not returning at all. There I would stand, giving to each ship some name and destination born of my own fancy and endowing it with a marvellous meed of adventure. Before me was the yellow-starred length of water; behind a lofty street of houses, sometimes loud with protesting or menacing voices; sometimes reticent, forbidding. Standing there to-day I recalled the lines of one of our younger singers of London's beauty, Winifred Wells, who, from that same spot, found the same sense of wonder:

Here, on the brink of the river,
Night, the weaver of spells, with benevolent mind,
Covers with shadow the wharves and bridges and piers,
Softens to beauty the masts of the vessel that rears
Close to my feet its tattered sails in the wind.

There, afar on the river,
Lights shine out from invisible ships, and throw
Radiant eyes on the water, a thousand radiant gems,
Rising and falling and rising over the bosom of Thames,
Breaking the brute, black waters to laughter lilt and low.

Lights on the misty river;
Stars of the dreams of youth, ambition, desire;
Unattainable hopes of the great to-be;
I will arise, and follow at last to sea,
Steering by you from the darkness, to the place where I would be.

So I have stood and dreamed, fancying strange beckoning arms in the very air, until the frank and raucous motor-buses, tearing towards North London, restored me to common-sense.

Very different are Shadwell High Street and St. George's, which border the London Docks. Here all is charged with a gloom that is broken only by the anæmic lights of a few miserable mission halls and coffee bars, chiefly for the use of Scandinavian seamen. Awhile back there was a certain raw gaiety about the place, brought thither by these same blond vikings; but since the frenetic agitations of a certain section of the Press against "all aliens"—as though none but an alien can be a spy—these men are not now allowed to land from their boats, and Shadwell is the poorer of a touch of colour. One might often meet them and fraternise with them in the coffee bars and beer shops (there are few "public houses" in these streets) and hear their view of things. Bearded giants they were, absurdly out of the picture in these tiny saw-dusted rooms, standing among greasy tables and benches, against the hideous bedizenment of the London house of refreshment. They would engage in interminable conversations in a language which, to the stranger, sounded like a combination of hiccoughs and snorts; and there would be violent arguments and a furious beating of the air. In the upper rooms, on Saturday evenings, one might have singing and dancing to a cracked piano and a superannuated banjo, and there the girls of the quarter would appear and would do themselves well on seafaring hospitality.

But the free-and-easy atmosphere is gone. Entering any bar you are under a cloud. Suspicion has been bred in all docks men. The patriotic stevedores regard you as a disguised alien. The landlord wonders whether you are from the "Yard" or are one of those blasted newspaper men. The street is now a dirty lane of poor lodging-houses, foul courts, waste tracts of land, mission halls exuding a stale air of diseased hospitality, and those rather exciting establishments, ships' chandlers, with their extraordinary miscellany of apparently useless lumber, piled casually in such a way that it would seem impossible to find any article immediately required. The visitors to the coffee bars are to-day insipid; none of the rich character that once lit such places to sudden life. Conversation and abrupt acquaintance are not to be had. The beer is filthy. The good Burton is gone, and in its place you have a terrible concoction which has not the mellowing effect of old Burton nor the exhilarating effect of bitter. In short, social life here is as it should be, according to certain busybodies.

Still, there are some adorable morsels of domestic architecture to be found up narrow alleys: old cottages mellowed by long association with many weathers and with men and ships from the green and golden seas that lie beyond the muddy waters of London River; and these give one touch of animation to the prevailing moribundity.

Around Millwall Docks you will not find much in the way of builders' beauty, but you will find something much better—

you will find good company. They lie at the south of the Isle of Dogs amid a flat stretch of dreary warehouses, and factories, and you approach them by a long curving street of small cottages and "general" shops. The Island is a place of harsh discords, for Cubitt's works are established here, and the ringing of hammers rises above the roar of furnaces, and the vociferous life of the canals above the scream of the siren and the subdued moan of the hooter; and the concerted voices of the Island seem to cry the accumulated agony of the East End. Great arc lights, suspended from above, to assist the unloading of cargoes by night, fling into sudden illumination or shadow the faces and figures of the groups of workers as they stagger up the gangways with their loads and give the whole scene an air of theatrical illusion. In the bars you find sweaty engineers and stevedores and grimy stokers. Here is a rich field of character, mostly British, though a few Lascars may be found, drinking solitary drinks or parading the streets with their customary pathetic air of being lost. Here are men who have circled the seven seas; here, calm and taciturn, is a man who knows Pitcairn Islanders to speak to; who produces from one pocket a carved ivory god, presented to him by some native of Java, and, from the other, Old Timothy's One Horse Snip for the Big Race.

Under the dank daylight and the tremendous shadow of these docks you may drink beer and listen to casual chit-chat that carries you round the world and into magical hidden places, and brings you back to the Isle of Dogs with a frightful jerk.

"Yerss. Two bob a pound the 'Ome and Colonial arst the missus fer butter. I soon went round and told 'em where they could put their blinkin' butter. Well, 's I was sayin', after we left Rangoon we—"

The land in this district consists, for the most part, of oozing marsh, so that when a gale sweeps from the mouth of the river it reaches the Island with unexpended force. The very sky seems to scream in harmony with the rattling windows. Shop signs swing grotesquely. Cranes jerk and jangle. Brown sails belly and slap themselves ecstatically. The river assumes a hue of molten steel, heaving and rushing, sucking against staples, wharves, and barges, and rising in ineffectual splashes against the gates of the docks, until the public bar of the "Dog and Duck" becomes a very sanctuary. There, amid the babble of pewter and glass, and the punctuation of the cash register, you forget any London gale in listening to stories of typhoons, cyclones, and other freaks of the elements common to the Pacific and the meeting of the waters around the Horn.

It is an exciting experience for the landsman Cockney strolling the streets about the docks to realise that the other little Cockneys in blue serge and cotton scarves who pass him have accepted the non-committal invitation of the funnel and the rigging that soar above the walls of Limehouse Basin. One remembers the story of the pale curate at the church concert, at which one of the entertainers had sung a setting of Kipling's "Rolling Down to Rio." "Ah, God," he said, wringing his thin hands, "that's what I often feel like. . . . Rolling down to Rio." And in these streets one meets insignificant little men who have done it; who have "rolled down to Rio, and gone back to Mandalay, and seen the moon come up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay."

And I am proud to have a nodding acquaintance with them. I am glad they have drunk beer with me. I am glad I have clicked the chopsticks in Limehouse Causeway with the yellow boys who can talk of Canton and Siam and North Borneo and San Francisco. I am glad I have salaamed noble men of India at the Asiatics' Home, and heard their stories of odorous villages in the hills and of the seas about India, and of strange islands which mere Cockneys pick out on the map with an uncertain forefinger—Andamans, Nicobars, Solomons and so forth. I am glad to have met men who know Java as I know London; who know the best places in Tokio for tea, and the most picturesque spots of Formosa; who can direct me to a good hotel in Singapore, should I ever go there, and who know where Irish whisky can be bought in Sarawak. Why study guide-books or consult with the omniscient Mr. Cook, when you may find about the great ornamental gates of the docks of London natives of all places of the world who can provide you with a hundred exclusive tips which will make smooth the traveller's way over every obstacle or untoward incident? Indeed, why travel at all, when you may travel by proxy; when, by hanging around the docks of London, you may travel, on the lips of these men, through jungle, ocean, white town, palm grove, desert island, and suffer all the sharp sensations of standing silent upon a peak in Darien, the while you are taking heartening draughts of mild and bitter in the saloon bar of the "Star of the East"?

TWO VIEWS OF LONDON

BY KEBLE HOWARD.

I.—BEFORE JOINING UP.

Horace Browne, Esq. : Got any bacon ?
Mrs. Browne : No, darling. I'm so sorry, but I couldn't get any anywhere ! Isn't it awful !
Horace Browne, Esq. : Got any tea ?
Mrs. Browne : No, darling. I may be able to get some to-morrow, but all the shops say—
Horace Browne, Esq. : Simpson sent that whisky I ordered ?
Mrs. Browne : No, darling. I rang him up on the 'phone, and then I went round about it. I saw Mr. Simpson himself. He says he may be able to let you have one bottle on Tuesday.
Horace Browne, Esq. : One bottle on Tuesday ! What's the good of that ! And I've asked Allwinkle and Tippings and Mull to come in this evening for bridge ! What on earth are we to do ?
Mrs. Browne : Isn't it dreadful ! We really ought to have a general election ! This wretched Government—
Horace Browne, Esq. : Where's Mary ? I haven't seen her about the house this morning.
Mrs. Browne : I wasn't going to worry you about it, darling.
Horace Browne, Esq. : What's the matter with the girl ? Ill ?
Mrs. Browne : No, darling, she's perfectly well. But, as a fact, she's left.
Horace Browne, Esq. : Left ? Good gracious ! Why ? When ?
Mrs. Browne : Oh, I've seen it coming for a long time. The usual thing—munitions. Evenings off, more money, and all that. I actually cried, but nothing would move her. And where I shall get another maid I can't imagine. Of course, there's always Mrs. Perisher, but the poor creature was never bright, and since her other ankle went—
Horace Browne, Esq. : You'd better ring up Gracie and tell her we'll come along there to dinner.
Mrs. Browne : Oh, I don't think I'll do that, darling, if you don't mind.
Horace Browne, Esq. : Why in the world not ? They always do us very well.
Mrs. Browne : Yes, darling, I know. But I don't think I'd like to go there to-night. Of course, if you care to go alone—
Horace Browne, Esq. : But why this mystery ? Have you had a row with Gracie ? I do wish you women would manage to—
Mrs. Browne : It isn't that at all, darling. Gracie and I are the best of pals ! But I doubt whether we ought to invite ourselves there so suddenly in war-time. You see, everybody has to—
Horace Browne, Esq. : Rubbish ! It isn't that in the least ! You've just thought of that ! There's some mystery ! Come, my dear, I've only got three minutes. What's the mystery ?
Mrs. Browne : You won't be angry, darling ?
Horace Browne, Esq. : Not if you have a really sensible reason.
Mrs. Browne : Sure you won't ?
Horace Browne, Esq. : Time's going !
Mrs. Browne : Well, the fact is, I don't like going out at night just now. We—we might not get home.
Horace Browne, Esq. : Might not get home ? What absolute nonsense ! If we can't get a taxi there's always the Tube.
Mrs. Browne : I wasn't thinking of the scarcity of cabs, darling. I was thinking of these dreadful raids !
Horace Browne, Esq. : Oho ! We've got it at last ! Raids, eh ? D'you realise that it's sixty-nine thousand chances to one against your getting even injured in a raid ?
Mrs. Browne : Is it, darling ? I'm afraid I never was very good at arithmetic. It never consoled me.
Horace Browne, Esq. : So that settles it. I shan't go by myself and leave you here to mope alone. So we'll both stay at home without any dinner. My hat ! No bacon ! No tea ! No whisky ! No maid ! No friends ! No bridge ! What a programme ! What a picture ! What a town ! It's my firm belief there's no such miserable place as London in the world ! I honestly declare I wouldn't care twopence if I never saw the wretched hole again ! . . . What's the time ? There we are ! Now I've lost my train ! No cabs to be had ! Ugh ! The sooner the Huns blow London to bits the better !

II.—AFTER JOINING UP.

Private Brown : Here we are ! Here we are ! Here we are again ! ! !
Mrs. Browne : Darling ! I'm so delighted to see you ! . . .
Private Brown : There, there, old girl ! No tears ! I'm going to have the time of my life these five days ! Five days ! Phew ! Think of it ! Five whole days to get up when you like, and go to bed when you like, and sit in your own chair, and look at your own pictures, and do as you bally well like ! Five days ! I wouldn't sell these five days for five hundred pounds !
Mrs. Browne : I'll do my best to make you comfortable, darling.
Private Brown : Comfortable ? Come here, you old duffer ! Closer ! Now give me a long, long kiss. . . . I've often thought how rotten I used to be to you. . . .
Mrs. Browne : 'Ssh ! I won't hear a word of it ! You were always the best, and dearest, and most adorable husband in the world ! . . .
Private Brown : By Jove, it's good to be in London again ! Listen !
Mrs. Browne : What's the matter ? What is it ?
Private Brown : Nothing much. Just wanted to hear the old 'bus rumble past. . . . Open the window a bit, old thing.
Mrs. Browne : It's raining. Won't the damp—?
Private Brown : Blow the damp ! Put a blanket round your shoulders and sit by the fire, if you like. I want to listen to London, and smell London, and breathe London, and eat London ! My Lord ! There's no place in the world like London, old thing. . . .
Mrs. Browne : I'm afraid I've got an awful blow for you.
Private Brown : Blow ? What is it ? You're not ill ?
Mrs. Browne : Oh, no, I'm perfectly well.
Private Brown : Then nothing else matters. You're well, and I'm well, and we're together for five days. Let everything else go hang ! Sounds selfish, but a man must be selfish now and again in war-time.
Mrs. Browne : The only thing is, I haven't got a maid.
Private Brown : A fig for that ! I can make beds, and wash up, and—
Mrs. Browne : Worse still, I haven't got a cook !
Private Brown : But I can cook as well ! Oh, yes, I can ! You learn to do everything in the Army ! I'll tell you what we'll do, old thing. We'll cook the dinner ourselves, and have it in the kitchen—straight off the range on to the table ! How's *that* for a picnic ?
Mrs. Browne : That sounds delightful ! But I ought to tell you that I haven't been able to get any whisky.
Private Brown : Whisky ? Who wants whisky ? Shall I tell you of the greatest discovery of this war ? I can drink beer !
Mrs. Browne : Horace !
Private Brown : Fact ! What's more, I can drink it with impunity ! That alone makes the war worth while ! Tell you what we'll do, old thing. We'll get Allwinkle and Tippings and Mull round this evening, and we'll make them eat Welsh rarebit and drink beer ! Do 'em good !
Mrs. Browne : But don't you want to go to a theatre ?
Private Brown : Theatre ? Not me ! Take you to one to-morrow night if you like, but to-night I mean to jolly well stay in my own home. No theatre can come up to that when you've been in a tent and a hut for four months ! Clean sheets ! My hat ! Dry towel ! A warm bath ! An early cup of tea ! How I've missed that early cup of tea ! By the way, got any tea ?
Mrs. Browne : I've got a whole pound !
Private Brown : A whole pound ? How's that ?
Mrs. Browne : Oh, I managed it.
Private Brown : But I understood that nobody could buy more than a quarter of a pound at a time !
Mrs. Browne : Never mind how I got it. I have—that's all. And you shall have some every morning, made just as you like it.
Private Brown : Have you been saving it up ?
Mrs. Browne : Certainly not !
Private Brown : You have ! You little deceitful, wonderful little wretch ! Come here ! I shall probably break all your ribs, but you've got to be hugged for that. . . .
Mrs. Browne : You great—brute of a—soldier !

EPIPHANY

May the good King
That guards like sheep
Kings and shepherds all
Send us quiet sleep!

Shepherds great and small
Has he in hold;
There need no danger
Threaten field or fold.

Lowly in a manger
That King was born
Of maid undefil'd
On a winter's morn.

He lay a little child
On his mother's knee;
Three kings out of the East
Came him to see.

On a mother's breast
Still did he lie:
Said one king to the other,
"Such once was I!"

Then said his brother,
"Even thus I trow
Once lay thy simplicity,
But where is that now?"

MAURICE HEWLETT.

LONDON AND THE SEA

BY E. V. LUCAS.

BUT for having lived in London long enough to know the rules, or, in other words, to be aware that nothing is out of place there, I should have thought that the door-plate which, in Fetter Lane, had suddenly caught my eye was an incongruity. But no; I am inured, and therefore I merely looked at it twice instead of only once, and passed on with a head full of mental and intensely uncivic pictures of undaunted men, identical in patience and hopefulness, standing hour after hour at the ends of piers all round our coasts, watching their lines. For the words on the door-plate were these: "British Sea Anglers' Society."

I shall continue to deny that the notice was out of place, but a certain oddity (not uncommon in London) may be conceded, for Fetter Lane otherwise has less marine association than any street that one could name; and angling is too placid, too philosophic, too reclusive a sport to be represented by an office absolutely on the fringe of that half square mile of the largest city in the world given over to fierce, feverish activity; where printing presses are at their thickest, busy and clattering, day and night, in the task of providing this nation with all—and a little more—of the news, and a fresh sensation for every breakfast table. Except that upon the breakfast table is often to be found the herring in one or other of its posthumous metamorphoses, there is no connecting link whatever. And why one has to belong to a society with a door-plate in Fetter Lane before drawing mackerel from Pevensy Bay, or whiting from the Solent, is a question to answer which is beside the mark; although that fish can be caught from the sea without membership of this fraternity I myself can testify—for was I not once in the English Channel in a small boat in the company of two conger eels and a dogfish, whose noisy and acrobatic reluctance to die turned what ought to have been a party of pleasure into misery and shame; and shall I ever forget the look of dismay (a little touched by triumph) on the face of a humane English girl visiting Ireland only this last summer, when, after she had pulled in an unresisting pollock at the end of a trawl line and the boatman had taken it from the hook and beaten it sickeningly to death with an iron thole pin, she heard him say, in the Irish idiom, as, later, he handed the fish to a colleague on the landing-stage, "The young lady killed it"?

But this is not London—far, indeed, from it!—although an excellent example of London's peculiar and precious gift of

starting the mind on extra-mural adventures. And of these there was soon to be another, for, resuming my way down Fetter Lane, with my thoughts thus bent on the sea, I came into Fleet Street, and, turning to the left, was, by a glimpse of our great Cathedral, reminded of that element afresh: only a day or so before having been reading that it was seriously proposed, when Sir Francis Drake returned from his circumnavigations in the *Golden Hind*, to set that vessel bodily on the spire of St. Paul's (old St. Paul's, of course) as a permanent memorial of the achievement. I wish something of the kind might still be done; for if such a fascinating little model galleon as Lord Astor's weather-cock on his beautiful Embankment house by the Essex Street steps can rejoice the eyes as it does, how would not a real one, high over Ludgate Hill, quicken the mind and the pulse?

For we ought in London to think far more of ships than we do. By ships we live, whether merchant ships bringing us food, or ironclads preserving those ships; and London has her docks. Not only should the docks be known to Londoners, instead of being, as now, foreign parts infinitely more remote than, say, Brighton, but the Navy should visit us too. The old *Britannia* ought to have been brought to the Thames when she was superannuated. "There," the guides should have been able to say, "was the training college of our admirals. There, in that hulk, Beatty learned to navigate, Sturdee to tie knots, and Jellicoe to signal!" Instead, she was towed to Liverpool and broken up. The *Victory* should be brought to London, as a constant and glorious reminder of what Nelson did, before steam came in. She is wasted at Portsmouth, which is all shipping. In London, either in the Thames or on the top of St. Paul's, she would have noble results, and every errand boy would become a stowaway, as every errand boy should.

In default of any imaginative things such as these being done, the nearness of London's relations with the ocean can, by those who wish, be tested in many delightful ways. For although the natural meeting place of those two old cronies, Father Thames and Neptune, is somewhere about Gravesend, Neptune comes for a friendly glass with Gog (I almost wrote Grog) and Magog right up to town. If you lean over the eastern parapet of London Bridge (just under the clock which has letters instead of numerals) you will see the stevedores unloading all kinds of wonderful seaborne exotic merchandise. If you wander down to

the Tower you can sit on an old cannon on the quay and have the music of cordage in your ears. If you climb to the top of the Tower Bridge the Pool of London is below you with the clements of a thousand Conrad romances. And there are streets near the docks which might have been cut out of Plymouth or Bristol. Now and then, indeed, London may be said to be actually on the sea.

Such excursions are for the hours of light. In the hours of darkness I used to have, before the war, a favourite riverside refuge. At that far-off time, when cabmen asked for custom instead of repulsing it, and public houses remained open until half-past twelve a.m., I had for fine summer nights, after a dull play or dinner, a diversion that never failed; and this was to make my way—if possible with a stranger to such sights and scenes, and an impressionable one—to the Angel at Rotherhithe and watch the shipping for an hour. The Angel is difficult of

access, but once there you might be at Valparaiso. It is a quarter of a mile below the Tower Bridge on the south bank, with a wooden balcony overhanging the water, and a mass of dark creaking barges moored below. Here on the balcony we used to sit, while the great ships stole by at quarter speed, groping for their moorings, and strange lights appeared and disappeared, and voices hailed each other and were answered, and little sinister rowing boats moved here and there on unknown missions, and perhaps an excursion steamer, back very late from Margate, with its saloon all lighted and a banjo bravely making merry to the bitter end, would glide past towards London Bridge; and such is the enchantment of ships and shipping that not even she could break the spell.

May the Angel survive the deluge! If not, I must carry out the dream of my life and make friends with the captain of a Thames tug.

THE WANDERERS

By F. TENNYSON JESSE.

WHAT Lucius Waters so hated about his position was its utter conventionality. He had so fought throughout his fifty-odd years of life against the ordinary interpretations, the common results. He had cherished, as only he who is self-consciously literary can, the knowledge of his love for wide spaces, for freedom, for what he had called the Long Trail. And that the Long Trail should lead here, to the conventional bourne of the down-and-outer. . . . He told himself as he sat there, hunching his shoulders against the chill wind, that all roads lead to the Embankment. . . . even the road that winds from Alaska to Cape Stiff, from the burning plains of the Antipodes to the dry leagues of the Kalahari, across mountains and over keen waters, to the bitter seaports of the East—and home. He was too critical, too alive to a certain artificial sense of humour to fail to perceive that the Embankment was of all states of mind the most banal—for that it was a state of mind, such as are all the chief places of creation, among which are heaven and hell and being in love, he recognised also. He had been a beach-comber in the South Seas, had sat with other hoboos on the benches of Madison Square, and these are actions—if one can apply such a vigorous word to them—just as conventional, but then they had not taken place in his own country. That was what destroyed any romance in this wretched affair. An American hobo on the Embankment, or any European on a South Sea Island—yes. But an American in Madison Square, or a swarthy snuff-and-butter young man upon the golden beaches, and the thing became banal, became, in short, equal to an Englishman on the Embankment. He knew it and writhed.

He was still able thus to appreciate the niceties of his mental condition because for the moment his physical man was not in acute discomfort, partly because his exhausted vitality had fallen almost too low for suffering, and partly because he had supped warmly, if not generously, on his last coin—how terribly "in the picture" that was—at the coffee stall by the corner. A thick "doorstep" and a cup of hot brown fluid stimulated him to a sense of the ridiculous. He felt a certain glow at his own powers of analysis and appreciation. It is not every man who has sunk to the Embankment whose chief pang can be distaste at the bathos of his position.

An hour passed before his chief pang threatened to be the cold. Even then the purely material—in other words, the healthy and normal—aspect did not exclusively absorb him. He took interest in a new point of view. He told himself, with that gleam of joy at discovery which he had all his life mistaken for creation, that the Embankment was real after all, that in spite of all that had been written about it, the hundreds of times it had been "used" and the journalistic tang that in consequence hung about it, it was yet one of the vital things of the world in that it was really as dreadful as it was supposed to be, so dreadful as to override bathos. Here was something that actually gained from being smothered with unreality, because that made the discovering of its reality so much the more intense. His amazement that the discomfort of the place should obtrude itself even beyond and through his literary contempt made that discomfort far more poignant than if he had encountered it in equal degree elsewhere. Thus what had at first invested this spot with artificiality for him, now made it all the more actual. He sat absorbing this new aspect for some while before the discomfort attained that pitch when no aspect made any difference to it. . . .

It was by then close upon midnight. He refrained from telling himself bitterly that soon the chimes would usher in a new Christmas, a fresh anniversary of the coming of peace on earth and good-will towards men, because that was the obvious cynicism that would have appealed to most men in his position. Instead he told himself that all that sort of thing was a mere idea that had no force, that all that mattered was the cold and this growing feeling of dizziness within him, and that the gradual coming together on a figured disc of two metal hands

was of no more import on this particular night than on any other.

For, with his distrust of the usual methods of thought had always gone a sort of bitter contempt for the Christian *mythos*. He had all his life been a champion of the older faiths, of the gods in leaf and wave, in branch and brook, in the blood and heart of man. He had revelled in the worship of Pan and shunned none of his delights, and with all that was sincere in him he did not regret it, even now when his light-hearted following of the elusive hoof had brought him through so many devious ways to this present pass. For to the true wanderer, and he was at least that, though he had chosen to dress it in so many phrases, there is no regretting the by-paths, lead where they will. They are all part of the great pattern that goes to make life, and he who follows them always feels that had his steps led him down one the less he would be the poorer in knowledge and tolerance and understanding, of which the greatest is understanding.

It began to snow—Lucius was to be spared none of the time-honoured accompaniments to his position—and for perhaps an hour it fell thick and fast, blotting out the lovely curve of the lights along the river. When it ceased the air grew steadily colder and the snow froze in a white blanket along the pavements, in the thin and comfortless blanket which was all there was to cover those who slept along its shadowed ways. Lucius began to lose all sensation in his legs and feet, clad in thin trousers and broken boots. And then, without warning, in the midst of a physical misery that had become acute, perhaps because of it, there flamed within him a blazing anger, an anger so deep it burned away all the artificial values carefully cherished on his wanderings, those values which had always enabled him to see himself so appropriately. It was a shame, he cried in his sad heart, it was a shame, and the tears froze in his eyes as he said it, the facile tears of extreme discomfort. What had he done to deserve it? Nothing, absolutely nothing. He had lived as a man should, a man who was really a man and not a mere sitter on a stool, a driver of an uninspired pen for others' needs; a man who had wandered the world over in quest of what was to him beauty and life. He had stood his trick at the wheel of many a strange vessel into whose cargo he had perhaps not peered too closely, but which he had at least always steered faithfully for whatever harbour his loyalty of the moment bound him for. He had worshipped beauty at strange shrines, and he had come to this . . . which at first had filled him with a sense of superior disgust at its banality, then had given him another glimpse of superiority in his appreciation of its underlying reality, and then, without warning, stripping him of all covering, had set itself to slay him utterly, to leave him no emotion save that of misery, to make all conventionalities and unconventionalities as one in his aching sight, to rob him of all values that had been his so far, even in what had several times appeared to be the last resort. This actually was the last resort, the last among the last, and it left a man with no philosophy with which to face it. As a quarter to twelve struck from Big Ben, Lucius sat more utterly bereft than he had ever thought it possible to be—for he was bereft of all he had lived by. He had become a clean slate, an entire void, but his body would soon put his mind beyond the chance of receiving the lesson of any new philosophy which might have withstood even this dreadful place, where everything men lived by shivered and withered up within a few hours. It occurred to him the place must be ill-wished, so ridden perhaps by all the hopelessness experienced there that the repeat of that hopelessness gathered and pressed with relentless force about its benches for evermore. He even had thoughts of struggling to his feet and getting away from it to some spot equally cold, equally bleak, but not with all this misery of years to invest it with such a dreadful potency. But his legs refused to move and he stayed on where he was.

He thought he had settled back upon the bench again, but in reality his forward movement had only been in his mind, his

muscles had not perceptibly responded. But as he in thought accomplished this action he became aware that someone was sitting beside him. It was too dark to see the newcomer plainly. Lucius was only aware of a figure that crouched rather oddly upon the seat. Then a low voice spoke softly: "A happy Christmas, friend," it said.

Lucius turned his stiff eyes upon the figure. He tried to reply, but could not be sure whether his voice made any sound or not. His thought was one of contempt for the sentiment he had heard and a certain admiration for the sturdy cynicism of the speaker. He must have answered aloud, for the stranger went on.

"No," said the low, husky voice, "I was not speaking in bitterness. A happy Christmas . . . why not? You don't believe in Christmas?"

"Of course not. The contemptible make-believe of a childish creed, a creed that was not content to be childish and amuse women and children, but that became actively vicious and set itself to stamp joy out of the world." Lucius was amazed to hear himself speaking with so much fluency when only a moment before he had thought himself past sensation. A faint glow arose again in his mind.

"You speak bitterly of Christianity," observed the other; "does your bitterness extend to the person of its founder?"

"Yes. Most people, I know, look upon the 'pale Galilean' as a misguided but sincere fanatic. I believe that he came deliberately to shut out joy and happiness."

"You are a follower of the older gods?" asked the other quietly.

"Yes." Lucius felt no surprise at the assumption of knowledge. "What greater proof of the miserable nature of Christianity could you have than the old legend, which assuredly didn't spring out of nothing, that when Christ was born the great god Pan passed away in a cry? How can one love Christianity with that cry echoing in one's ears down the centuries?" Lucius spoke with fervour, he felt life urging in his veins, mounting to his brain.

"So you think Pan died?" asked the other. "I suppose that is the common belief. You have travelled widely, you have seen much of religion and what passes for religion in many lands. You have seen, for instance, the voo-doo worship of the black people and the evil that it does—do you scoff at it as mummery, or do you think there may be something in it?"

"I know there's something in it. . . . I've seen too much of it in its home in the Congo and in the Islands. . . ." And Lucius shivered with something that was not the cold.

"You see," said the stranger, "the old gods do not die. When they are devils they do not die, and when they are not devils they do not die either. For a spirit is like water, which is drawn up into the sky and discharged in drops and swallowed again in seas and rivers, in a vast circle, and yet is always water, neither more nor less. Pan is not dead; my friend, for those to whom he is still the only way of salvation."

"I wish I could think so. One gleam of his hoof . . ." sighed Lucius, who was no longer conscious of material disease, and who felt in his blood some strange tingling to which he had long been alien—the divine tingle that belongs to youth, that greets fresh mornings, or the first snow of winter and the first flower of the spring.

The stranger laid his hand on his arm as the notes of midnight began to drop slowly through the still air. The tingling mounted in Lucius, filled him exquisitely, beat in his pulses. "My son," said the stranger, "take heart. You have wandered in strange ways, but so have other feet before you. I, too, have wandered and wander still, an outcast." He thrust out a foot before the eyes of Lucius. "This has trodden all the stony ways of the world since that day nearly two thousand years ago," he said.

Lucius looked, and saw the gleam, saw and knew. He saw the rounded imprints on the snow, imprints cloven in half; he saw the delicate curve of the hoof itself and the shaggy feathering over it of tawny fur. His eyes travelled up, and in the greater light which there seemed to be he saw the sunken face, the matted hair over the deep eyes, that were sad and full of knowledge and perhaps a little mocking too. He saw the crested ears pricked against the whiteness of a distant snow-patch. Half hidden in the tangled beard he saw the full generous mouth that was tenderly mocking also. . . . He saw and knew whom it was he saw, and a rush of sudden tears that were not for himself burned at his eyes.

"You too," he said, eagerly, stumblingly, "you too an outcast, a wanderer, suffering—that makes it easier." He straightened his shoulders with an instinct of pride. "For all of us that makes it easier. To be of your company to know it—"

"Yes," said Pan, "it is that sharing which makes it easier."

Lucius gave a little laugh. "It sounds like a doctrine of Christianity, doesn't it?" he said. "Yet it is the doctrine of Pan the wanderer."

"It is the doctrine of humanity," said the other. "Do you feel happier now you have seen me?"

"I feel triumphant, mad, drunk, splendid. I feel I can never be unhappy again."

"You will never be, for you will know that which will save you."

"Why have I never seen you before?" asked Lucius.

"Because you would not see me. I have been to you before, but never looking quite like this, though many times I have knocked at your heart."

"And now—? Why now?"

"A true lover comes in the guise that is acceptable to his beloved," said Pan. He leaned forward and took the chilled man in his arms, and an exquisite warmth began to suffuse the limbs and heart of Lucius. Haloed against a gas-lamp he saw the face of his god bending over him, caught again the prick of the delightful ears, saw—was it ivy or some strange sharper thing garlanding his head and shading his deep eyes? Lucius laughed for joy and sank his head forward against the curling beard. It seemed to him to hold all the lovely smells of out of doors that he had known—cleanly sweat,

rainy earth, grain and crushed fruit. He closed his eyes and they filled with a riot of deep blue, the blue of wide spaces flecked with reeling suns. Everything that had been false and assumed through life for his own deception became apparent to him; yet without any sense of humiliation, he only laughed as a child does at outgrown toys. Through the mounting joy in his blood, that beat up into his ears, he heard the clock chiming, and realised, with a sense of unutterable amazement, that it was just finishing the midnight chime it had begun when the stranger first spoke to him, since when eons had passed over his head and teeming soul. The last note fell into space and died as in a passion of gratitude. Lucius sought for the hands of his kindly god and found them. And to him was granted the supreme blessing known to man—to die justified of his beliefs.

The chime had hardly passed into silence when the inevitable policeman came to a pause before the bench and hailed the man he saw sunk upon it. He got no answer and flashed his light upon him, then peered more closely. Lucius lay with his eyes shut, his hands clasping the curved iron rail at the seat's end. The snow lay in a fine white film in the circle of light thrown by the lantern, and, across its whiteness, coming out of the shadow beyond and leading directly to the bench, was the track of a Man's naked feet, naked and wounded. For one startled moment it seemed to the policeman's dazzled eyes that in each footprint lay a drop of blood.



THE GREAT GOD PAN.

After Lord Leighton's famous drawing for an early number of the "Cornhill Magazine."

"THE STATELYEST & DAINTYEST MONUMENTS"

THESE are few objects of interest in London that give the modern mind more food for reflection than its churches. They stand there memorials of the wisdom and piety of our ancestors. There is no reason to doubt that the spirit in which these churches were built is correctly expressed in the quotation from the second book of Chronicles which is placed in the ascription of St. Clement Danes, "To the glory of God." "So the workmen wrought and the work was perfected by them, and they set the House of God in his state, and strengthened it." For good or for evil, the age of innocent faith has passed or is passing away. Religious enthusiasm endures, but only among a limited number. Love of the mystic and the beautiful which at the bottom may be the same thing is mingling with and to some extent replacing it. The outsides and the interiors of the houses of prayer never were studied with more loving attention; but, partly owing to a change in the habits of the population, and partly to the new and doubting spirit which has been engendered by scientific teaching, there is a growing indifference to the services. Where large

numbers assemble in congregation, the attraction is as much that of music and rhetoric as of religious faith; and for one casual visitor who enters to offer up prayer, there are a hundred engaged in studying the antiquities. Yet though the point of view has changed, we do not know that the fundamental attitude of reverence has done so. Even the worldling who enters into the crepuscular light of the Westminster Cloisters, has a feeling akin to treading on holy ground. For the famous Abbey, down all the centuries since its existence, has maintained an æsthetic dominance over its visitors. Why is perhaps most adequately explained by Nathaniel Hawthorne in a passage wherein he contrasts the leading characteristics of St. Paul's with those of Westminster. The former, he says, is "a most grand and stately edifice, and its characteristic seems to be to continue for ever fresh and new; whereas such a church as Westminster Abbey must have been as venerable as it is now from the first day that it grew to be an edifice at all." Nevertheless, veneration is not exactly the feeling which is expressed by the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "Though she



Frederick H. Evans. ST. BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT, SMITHFIELD: SOUTH SIDE OF CHANCEL. Copyright.

seems by her outward shape and appearance," says Henry Keepe, "to be clothed with the disconsolate veil of widowhood, yet if we enter by the great west door, you will behold her sound at heart." Bacon's characterisation of the Abbey at the conclusion of his life of Henry VII is that it is "one of the Stateliest and Daintiest Monuments of Europe." It was at the end of the nineteenth century that the feeling of wonder and awe was revived, and then the poets recalled its foundation, when

With incense, oil and sacring-bell,
With gloss of silk and gleam of gold,
At morn they came; then what befell
At midnight, Osric trembling told.

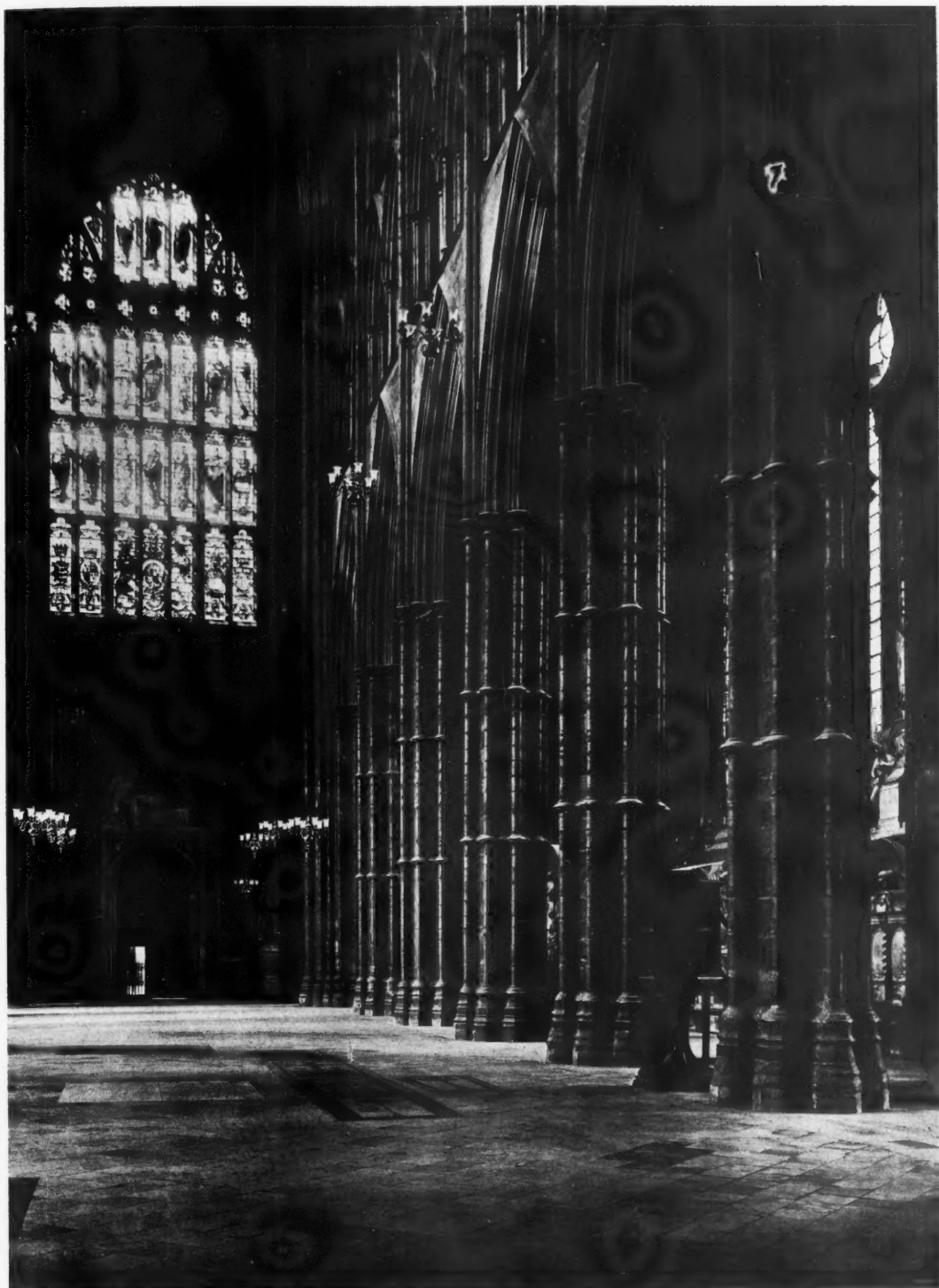
The bishops kneel, low kneels the King,
In worship, while the doors spring wide,
Lights burn, bells ring and censers swing,
Song dies, but echoes long abide.

This was the minster's hallowing
Twelve centuries ago and more;
There hearts still daily incense bring,
Still thence doth daily lustre pour.

The feeling towards St. Paul's is altogether different. It has more of affection and less of reverence. Londoners in time of Queen Elizabeth called it "Old Powles," and "Paul's" it is



Frederick H. Evans. ST. BARTHOLOMEW-THE-GREAT: HEROES' AISLE AND CHANCEL. Copyright.



Frederick H. Evans.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST.

Copyright.

frequently termed with the same familiarity up to the present day :

And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can be !

W. E. Henley, from whose "London Voluntaries" this is taken, was very modern in the concentration of his mind on the exterior of the churches, the ringing of the bells being included in that category. In Westminster, for example, it is the call of Nature rather than the bidding to prayer that he hears :

St. Margaret's bells,
Quiring their innocent, old-world canticles,
Sing in the storied air,
All rosy-and-golden, as with memories
Of woods at evensong, and sands and seas
Disconsolate for that the night is nigh.
O, the low, lingering lights ! The large last gleam
(Hark ! how those brazen choristers cry and call !)
Touching these solemn ancients, and there,

The silent River ranging tide-mark high
And the callow, grey-faced Hospital,
With the strange glimmer and glamour of a dream !
The Sabbath peace is in the slumbrous trees,
And from the wistful, the fast-widowing sky
(Hark ! how those plangent comforters call and cry !)
Falls as in August plots late roseleaves fall.

The ringing of the bells does not bring to his mind "the sisters' holy hymn," but the voice of the woods at evensong and the disconsolate murmuring of the sea. Nothing could better illustrate the difference between the modern and such predecessors as Mr. Washington Irving. "The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age ; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments and obscured the death's heads and other funereal emblems." William Blake's religious sense was not developed along orthodox lines,



Copyright.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE CHOIR STALLS BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

but what a captivating picture he gives of Holy Thursday at St. Paul's:

'Twas on a holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking to and fro, in red, and blue, and green:
Gray-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London Town!
Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own,
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Fashions change and points of view vary. Henley's impressions are excellent as far as they go. In that wonderful picture that he made of the ancient Strand when

The spirit of October, mild and boon
And sauntering, takes his way
This golden end of afternoon.

He makes thumbnail sketches of Clement's "angular and cold and staid," of Bride's

her æry, unsubstantial charm
Through flight on flight of springing, soaring stone
Grown flushed and warm,
Laughs into life full-mooded and fresh-blown.

Here is no thought of saint or sinner, prayer or benediction, but only the spirit of the artist looking out on works of art and seeing them in the light of an autumn sun. Between art and antiquity there is not a necessary division, but an actual one. Form and colour in regard to churches chiefly attract the attention of the artist; age and history are the criterion of the antiquary. Happily in London there is

room for the exercise of both; for the Capital is rich in churches which form part of the chronicles of the English people and upon the building of which faith has produced an inspired devotion.

The old London churches have now a significance additional to that for which they were originally built, which was to provide places of worship for residents in the capital. Lapse of time has now given them the value of historical documents—stone memorials of the past. It was not practicable to show a great number of them in our limited pages, but a word about the first of those illustrated may be welcome.

The original Church of Bartholomew the Great was destroyed. It is stated by Stow that it was founded by Rahere, "a pleasant witted gentleman," and therefore in his time called the "Kinges Minstrell." Dugdale relates that Rahere was at one time "a Droll or Jester, but that St. Bartholomew appeared to him in a vision and commanded him to build the Church." The original church was pulled down in 1628, except the tower, and it too, being built of wood, decayed and was restored in brick and stone. The present west front was built in the time of Henry VIII. The choir is a beautiful piece of Norman work and was built by Rahere, who died in 1143. The living was once in the possession of Dr. Dee, described by Mr. L'Estrange as "minister of Great Saint Bartholomewes, who was a man but of a debauched life." It is now one of the churches that the visitor to London should see, and it would be all the better if, before doing so, he made himself acquainted with its history, typical as it is of so many of the churches of the Metropolis.

THE BRIG

I whiles gang to the brig-side
That's past the briar-tree
Along the road when the licht is wide
Owre Angus an' the sea.

Inby the dyke yon briar grows
Wi' leaf an' thorn, its lane,
Whaur the spunk o' flame o' the briar-rose
Burns saft agin' the stane.

An' whiles a step treids on by me,
I mauna' hear its fa',
And atween the brig an' the briar-tree
There gangsna' ane but twa.

Oot owre yon sea, through dule an' strife,
Ye tak' yer road nae mair,
For ye've crossed the brig to the fields o' life
An' ye walk for iver there.

I trayvel on to the brig-side
Whaur ilka road maun cease,
My weary war may be lang to bide
An' you hae won to peace.

There's ne'er a nicht but turns to day
Nor a load that's niver cast,
And there's nae wind cries on the winter brae
But it spends itsel' at last.

O you that niver failed me yet,
Gin aince my step ye hear,
Come doon to the brig atween us set
An' bide till I win near!

It's weel, aye weel ye'll ken my treid,
Ye'll seek nae word nor sign,
And I'll no can fail at the Brig o' Dreid,
For yer haund'll be in mine.

VIOLET JACOB.

HUMOUR IN A LONDON WAR HOSPITAL

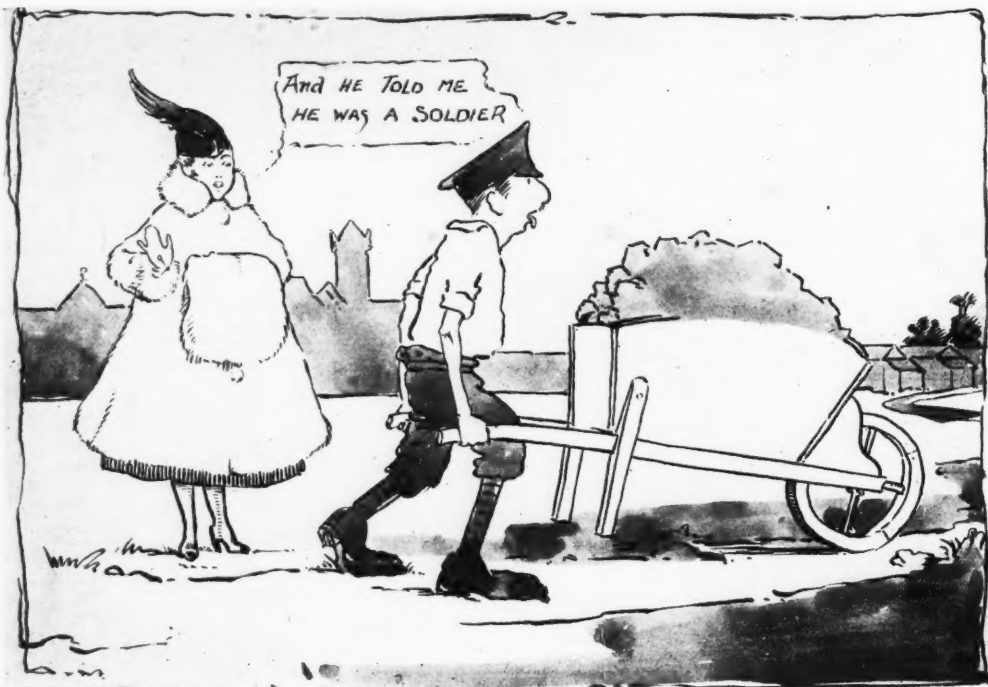
BY WARD MUIR.

DURING the month of December there is on view at the Camera Club (17, John Street, Adelphi) an exhibition of black and white drawings of unusual interest.

Their interest lies not in their artistic qualities, although many of them are admirable. The drawings are not presented primarily as works of art; their peculiar merit lies in another direction. For their authors, whether skilled or otherwise, have something definite to tell us, and something about which most people would very much like to know: they have to tell us of the life in a military hospital. Each of these drawings was done by a patient or an orderly in one of the greatest of our military hospitals—the 3rd London, to be exact. And a very significant spirit prevails throughout this curious and valuable collection. Nearly all the drawings are humorous. Nearly all deal with the funny side of things as seen by the wounded man. To some visitors to the exhibition (and we trust there will be many)

the very merriment with which the pictures are saturated will be in itself rather moving. Quite unintentionally Tommy Atkins in Blues, satirising the régime of the wards, the Sisters, the surgeons, his fellow patients, and the other characters who pass across his stage—and even making mock of the grim operating

theatre—reveals himself for the bravely laughing philosopher that he is, and, in a host of minor details, sketches exactly those war hospital memorabilia which even the most regular



THE DISCOVERY.

Private (now Lieutenant) J. A. Grant.

visitor, only entering during "visiting hours," would never have caught. The Camera Club is to be congratulated on having secured, for its month-by-month series of shows, a collection at once so topical and so intriguing. A few of the drawings here reproduced gives some taste of its quality. Admission to the exhibition, which is open daily (except Sundays) till December 31st, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., is free, but donations are invited for the hospital's Comforts Fund.

The casual visitor to a war hospital, indeed, can seldom, if ever, gain a wholly true impression of it. He is conducted round a monstrous institution and is probably impressed by its

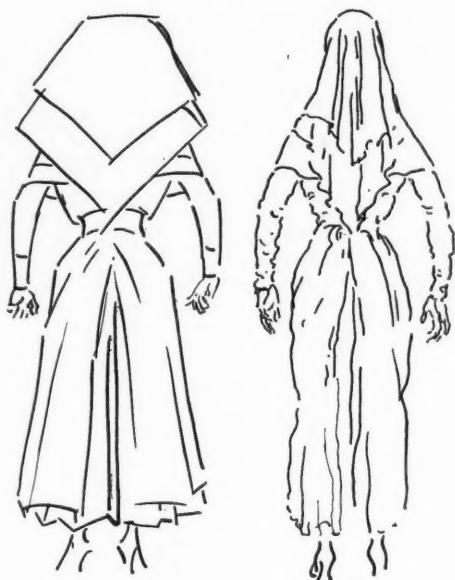
complicated functioning, and surprised by the number of its population. He chats with a patient here and there, and is astonished—as who would not be?—to find that the man who has lost an arm, the man who is blinded, the man on crutches and the man who is a mummy of bandages, are all alike in a gaiety which seems heroic. Yet even the visitor who goes away with the notion (a perfectly correct one) that the hospital is a happy home has rarely, to my mind, gauged the depth of that happiness. After having been for over two years a member of the staff of a London military hospital, and having acted as cicerone to many visitors, I still despair of conveying to them an adequate idea of the—may I say it?—the fun of existence in such a place. I do not



THE MATRON: "I say! Do you sleep in a bed or a stable?"

THE REGISTRAR: "And do you need a medical officer or a vet?"

WHEN GREECE COMES IN.
Sergeant Noel Irving.



Present. Future.

THE STARCH SHORTAGE.

Lance-Corporal J. H. Dowd.

sciously, on its best behaviour. It is like a boys' school when parents are pervading the premises: it is like a rowdy family circle when polite neighbours are calling. No one really knows the boys' school unless he is a boy in it; no one knows the family badinage unless he is a member of the family. No one knows our hospital unless he is one of us, and has spent in it the hours which are *not* visiting hours. I remember a visitor remarking to me upon a very saddening sight. Two convalescents were working, or trying to work, a mowing machine up and down a lawn between the hut wards. The man who pushed the machine owned only one leg. The man who, with a rope, was pulling the machine was partly paralysed: his body was warped and he could only totter along with grotesquely twisted feet. The effect of these two utterly incapable cripples professing to mow that lawn—one hopping behind, the other manfully shuffling in front, and the machine advancing by microscopic jerks which left the grass blades virtually intact—seemed to

assert that the public discredit the humours of hospital life. But they do infuse and dim those humours with pathos, a pathos of the outsider's own manufacture, a pathos often, frankly, non-existent. And this is because the hospital during the aforementioned "visiting hours" is, ever so slightly and uncon-

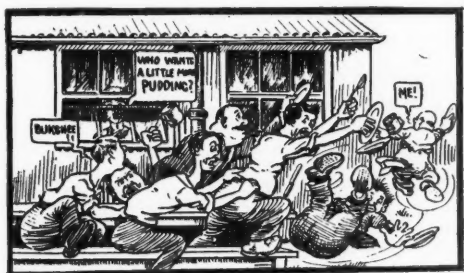
me comic. To my friend it was depressing, partly because the spectacle of these splendid youngsters in such a state was terrible, and partly because, although in such a state, they were in such high spirits: their very laughter brought a lump to his throat. But, being a member of the community, I had a key to the jest, and could penetrate into a humour of it, of whose existence no mere onlooker could be aware. I do not say it was a subtle jest; but it was a local one, a "family" one, one peculiar to ourselves. The lawn, which was the ward's bowling-green, had needed mowing for some days past. Our lustier convalescents, who ought to have mowed it, had been lazy. "Sister" had hinted, again and again, that they should mow it, and with one accord they had made excuses; thereupon the two most helpless men in the ward had, as a rebuke to the slackers, issued forth, commandeered the mowing machine, and tackled the task. Knowing all the characters concerned, I thought



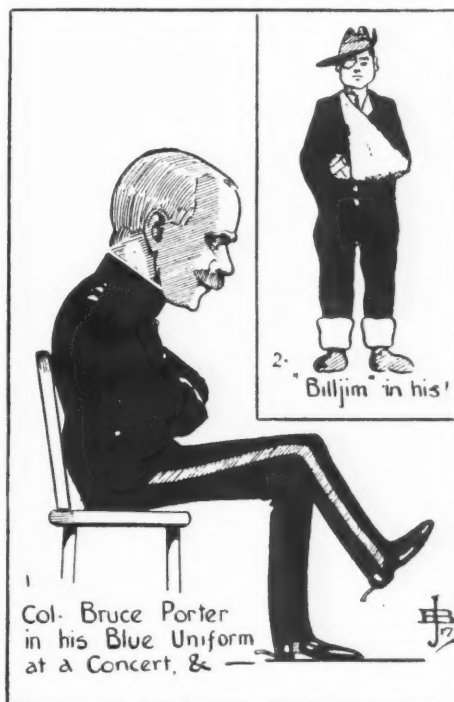
WHAT! YOU DON'T KNOW ME?



A SQUARE PEG: PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES
Private H. M. Hemsley.



STRATEGY.
Private E. S. Walker.

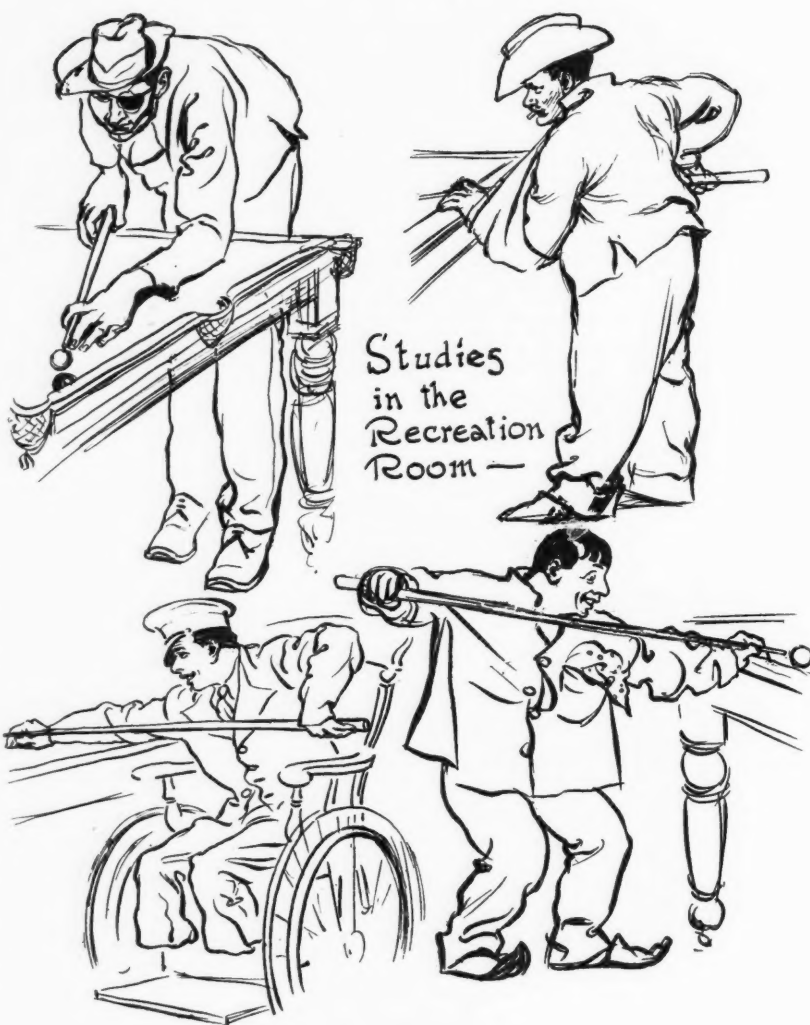


TWO TYPES OF 'BLUES'

The late Captain J. Buchanan.

the spectacle droll. Knowing none of them, but seeing the spectacle as a spectacle, the visitor thought it pathetic. And neither the hurried explanation I have given here nor the explanation which I gave that visitor then can remedy the essential misconception. For you must be one of the family, and have grown up in the family, to savour the family's jokes; and especially is this the case when they have an outward aspect either of being singularly feeble jokes or of having a sub-acid sting.

The point which I have endeavoured to make is one that should be recollected in studying the skits and caricatures which have been collected from the 3rd London. They are absolutely spontaneous, unforced, genuine. One reads in the popular Press tales of the joviality of Tommy Atkins; and the rather stupid photographs which depict him grinning or waving his cap with an extreme camera-consciousness visible upon his face make one begin to cherish dark suspicions about the legend. It is possible to resent the over-stressing of that legend and at the same time to bear witness to its fundamental truth. Certainly in hospital Tommy Atkins, once he has started to recover (and sometimes before), is an indomitable *farceur*. The rattle of chaff, in most wards, only ceases either (1) when the "M.O." (Medical Officer) is present, or (2) when the patients are asleep. It certainly does not cease, as the delicate-minded might conceive, during that long ceremony, the dressing of wounds. "Sister" and her satellite, the probationer, move with their apparatus from bed to bed; bandages are unfastened and replaced; what is then unveiled is often grim, to put the matter at its mildest. Nevertheless, the banter continues, and the victim who is having his wound treated is, as often as not, the most sprightly participant in the verbal contest. This habit of cheeriness is not in the least an affectation. To begin with, a wounded man is often scarcely at all a sick man. You will see more melancholy and piteous visages in one of the medical



Studies
in the
Recreation
Room—

Lance-Corporal J. H. Dowd.



TYPES.

Sergeant Vernon Lortmes.

wards devoted to soldiers suffering from influenza—soldiers who have, perhaps, never been to the front—than in all the surgical wards put together. Our friend who has a headache is a deal more sorry for himself than our friend who has lost a limb; and both behave accordingly. A surgical ward in the hospital, I should claim without an instant's hesitation, offers to the observer a higher average not only of happy faces, but even of wholesome ones, than does the crowded interior of a normal omnibus.

I write, of course, of the war hospital with which I am personally acquainted, but I can hazard that the same holds good elsewhere. I am inclined to think, nevertheless, that in some respects at least the patient who is sent to London rather than to the provinces is particularly fortunate. A London war hospital is very much in the middle of things; it is at the hub of just that life most likely to exhilarate the man who has returned from the desolateness and discomfort of the front. When he is well enough he can go with the parties which many kind folk take to playhouse *matinées*, and while still a bed patient he can be wheeled on a stretcher to our recreation room concerts, there to see the best stars straight from the West End stage. It is the case that our patients are as rapidly *au fait* with the latest music-hall melodies and catchwords as is the man in the street; we are up to date because we are metropolitan. To the Colonial, too, it is an obvious privilege to sojourn in a London hospital, for, as soon as he has recovered sufficiently, a delightful round of long-dreamt-of sight-seeing is easy to arrange. Brake-loads of these blue-clad excursionists leave the hospital

every afternoon in summer time, and a legion of keenly excited Australians, Newfoundlanders, Canadians, New Zealanders—and likewise Englishmen from the provinces—gain a chance, purely through having been wounded and transferred to London, to see St. Paul's, Westminster, and our other shrines of Empire—a chance which a lifetime of ordinary homestay would never have brought them. Further, there is, if I may say so, a certain frivolity, a genial worldliness, about London and its atmosphere which must contribute to the patients' well-being. A sick man may need the country, but a wounded man, I think, needs the town and "all the fun of the fair" to look on at, or—when he can get about—to take part in. I suspect that the blue-uniformed soldiers who are seen roaming the streets, gazing into shop windows, or "wasting their time" (as some idiot recently put it) in cinemas, are not only more happily employed, but more healthily, than if they were mooning through the lanes of the poetic but less stimulating countryside. That is as it may be; perhaps I am a too prejudiced lover of London. Were I wounded I should certainly ask to be despatched to a London hospital—and I know which hospital I should name. (But there again I am prejudiced!) And I am not alone in that preference. A patient once told me that as he and his fellows lay in the ambulance train awaiting its departure—whither they knew not—they raised a chant. Along the whole length of the van-wards, lined with cots, that chant was taken up and grew in volume. And the chant consisted of one phrase, repeated over and over again: "We want to go to London! We want to go to London!"

Curiously enough, when they did reach London, and the van-wards doors were opened, none of the patients realised where they were: they imagined that they had not got their wish; and at once with one voice they rebelliously raised their chant again: "We want to go to London!" Reassured by the orderlies, they uplifted a feeble cheer, and someone started one of those chorus songs which, with a kind of stereotyped inevitability, offer the returned wanderer's greetings to (of all places) Leicester Square. The Ambulance Column squad, carrying a string of stretchers along the platform from the train, carried a procession of feebly boisterous vocalists, singing the praises of the world's greatest city, the Englishman's Mecca. For if "Blighty is the place for me," London is the heart of Blighty.

"Blighty," as everyone now is aware, is used to mean "a wound"—a wound sufficiently serious to take a man home.

This is a piece of slang which the new Army has inherited from the old; for "Blighty," like "bondook" (a rifle), "burgoo" (porridge), and a host of other words, comes from India. Our hospital is rich in a slang of much more modern evolution, a slang in which cheerfulness and "grousing" are blended in a manner indicative, I think, of its Cockney origin. The Londoner seems to have a natural gift for coining neologisms and an unreasoning preference for using them instead of plain English. Occasionally you would almost surmise that he felt plain English to be indelicate; this at least must appear to be the only explanation for the vogue of that insane verbal trick, rhyming slang.

For instance, if a woman comes to the hospital to see her husband and does not find him in the ward, you may hear one patient remark to his neighbour, "She's looking for her old pot and pan" (her old man). A whole list of these preposterous rhymes describe the parts of the body: the nose, "I suppose"; the leg, "Scotch peg"; the arm, "false alarm"; the eye, "mince pie"; the feet, "plates of meat"; and so on. But this, which was a pre-war fashion, furnishes less interest for the etymological student than the *argot* of more recent growth—one might say, of trench culture. French is tingeing our tongue, e.g., "spinning a dit" means spinning a tale. Less clear in its derivation is "going on the scourge," which means foraging, gathering fuel, or what not—an expedition which perhaps sometimes leaves

the invaded country bare of everything portable. "Going on the ear-ole," contrariwise, is a home Army (even a hospital) mode of obtaining what one requires; it consists in coaxing it out of the authorities who have charge of the supply. The hospital orderly who wants a piece of soap, or a drop or two of some chemical from the dispensers, or some trifle from the steward's stores, may choose—instead of filling in cumbrous requisitions—to "go on the ear-ole" and get the thing directly by his powers of persuasion. Some of our phrases confuse the uninitiated because they enshrine more than one meaning; the context only explains them. A "bird" is a girl. Private So-and-So has been visited in his ward by his bird, and the ward's verdict is favourable: she is "some bird." But "the" bird is quite otherwise—it means disapproval, and is often ironically conveyed to the delinquent by applause. When Corporal So-and-So enters the messroom he is received with a burst of clapping, not a welcome, but a sign that he is disliked: it is "the bird," or, shortly, he has been "birded." This term derives from a very ancient theatrical origin, but is now in universal use by millions of men who know little or nothing of the stage. In the wards all this slang, and infinite and obscure extensions of it which cannot be catalogued here, is rife, and is only one feature of the "family party" facetiousness to which allusion has been made. Practical jokes are also common. The night nurse, seated at her table in the midst—as she

supposes—of a sleeping assemblage, suddenly beholds a huge toy spider with wagging wire legs lowered on to the page of her book. It is at the end of a string, which passes over a rafter in the ceiling; and the other end of the string is in the hands of a patient who has stayed awake (as have also others in the plot) to enjoy this prank. I have known the patients devise a most elaborate hoax on their long-suffering Sister, whereby one of their number was smuggled out of the ward and his head done up in bandages so that he should be unrecognisable; he was then solemnly introduced as a newly arrived wounded warrior from the front. Sister and her V.A.D. were allowed to put the man to bed—only to discover, when they unwound his bandages (to the accompaniment of suppressed hilarity from the onlookers), that their tenderness was being wasted upon an individual who had sojourned with them for months and was due to leave on the morrow. Some patients have a passion for these whimsical schemes; they think out a fresh one daily and are tireless in their execution. The inmates



FIT AGAIN.

Lance-Corporal J. H. Dowd.

of one ward with which I was acquainted took it into their heads to make a presentation to a Sister to whom they were specially devoted. They collected the necessary money and I was commissioned to buy an attaché-case with it. The colour of the attaché-case—whether it should be green or brown, whether Sister had ever expressed a preference for either hue, whether the other Sisters affected green cases or brown ones—was an affair involving enormous discussions. An inscription, suitably worded, had to be typed on a sheet of paper to be enclosed in the case; typing was insisted on. Why? In order that Sister might not guess that the case came from anyone in the ward! It was to be an anonymous gift. Again why? That mystified me; for I should have thought that the men would wish her to be apprised of their gratitude for her goodness to them. But no; they wanted, even in their gratitude, to "pull her leg"; and outrageous though it may sound, that case was sent to her by post, "With the Compliments and Best Wishes of H.M. the King." It need hardly be added that after, perhaps, an interlude of bewilderment, Sister penetrated the riddle. She knew her charges and their quaint methods—and I notice that she is very fond of that attaché-case; perhaps the more so inasmuch as it is now a memento of some brave and simple souls who, having jested their way back to health, went to the front again and will jest no longer.

THE BRIDGES OF LONDON

By C. L. KINGSFORD.

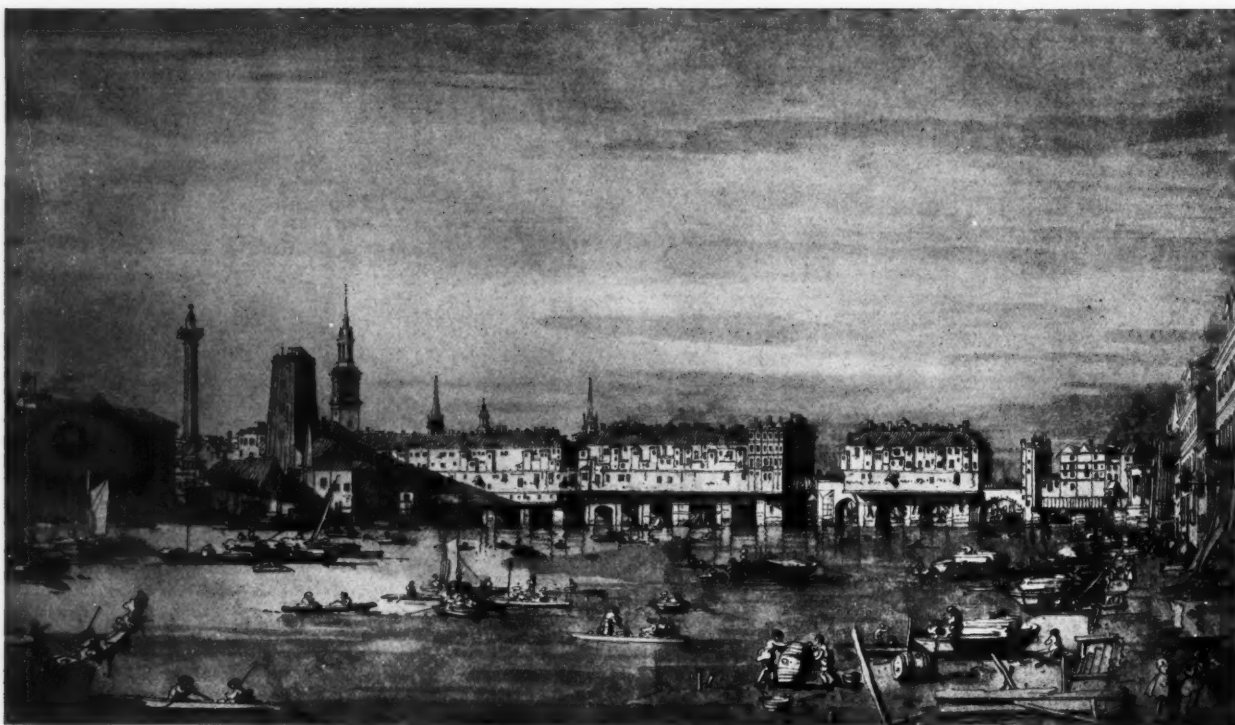


OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

From the Bowles Engraving.

THE Thames is to the Londoner of to-day so much a river of bridges that it is somewhat difficult to realise that there was a time when there was but one bridge, and "above bridge" and "below bridge" were distinctive terms with a precise significance. Till the middle of the eighteenth century London Bridge supplied the only roadway across the Thames, and it is but little over a century since the number of bridges was no more than three. The Thames itself has ceased for so long to be a civic highway that one is at first at a loss to conceive how the life of a busy and populous city

could have continued so long with communications so inadequate. But when roadways were ill kept and there was none or but scant means of public conveyance by land, citizens and lawyers who had to go from London to Westminster on business were fain to travel by water, and paid the wherryman 4d. for the journey. The wherry was at once the cab and the 'bus of London in the Middle Ages, and till long after the time of Pepys. Stow, writing at the end of the sixteenth century, states that there are "above the number, as is supposed, of 2,000 Wherries and other small boats." In his time those who would seek their



OLD LONDON BRIDGE FROM THE SOUTH.

Canaletto.

pleasure at Paris Garden or the Bull Ring on the south side crossed the river commonly by boat.

London had, however, from early times been too important a centre to do without some better means of communication. There was a Roman bridge a little further east than the existing bridge, and the record of the drowning of a witch at "Lundene brige" in the time of

King Edgar shows that it had a Saxon successor. This was probably a wooden bridge, and the stone one, which stood in its place for over 600 years, was erected at the end of the twelfth century, having been thirty-three years in building. The architect, Peter of Couchurch, died before it was finished and was buried in the Chapel of St. Thomas on the east side of the middle of the bridge. His bones were found when the bridge was pulled down and, with thoughtless irreverence, thrown with other rubbish into a barge.

Old London Bridge had twenty arches, one of which had a drawbridge to permit of the passage of larger craft. "Among all the strange and beautiful shows," wrote John Lyly in his "Euphues," "me thinketh there is none so notable as the Bridge which crosseth the Thames, which is in manner of a continual street, well replenished with large and stately houses on both sides, and situate upon twenty arches, whereof each one is of excellent free stone, every one of them being three score foot in height and full twenty in distance one from another." A century earlier George Dunbar, in his ballad in praise of London, wrote of "thy lusty bridge of pillars white." If Old London Bridge was fair and stately as seen from the river, it must have been no less picturesque as a roadway with its houses on either side (like the ancient bridge which still spans the Arno at Florence), but with some openings whence you

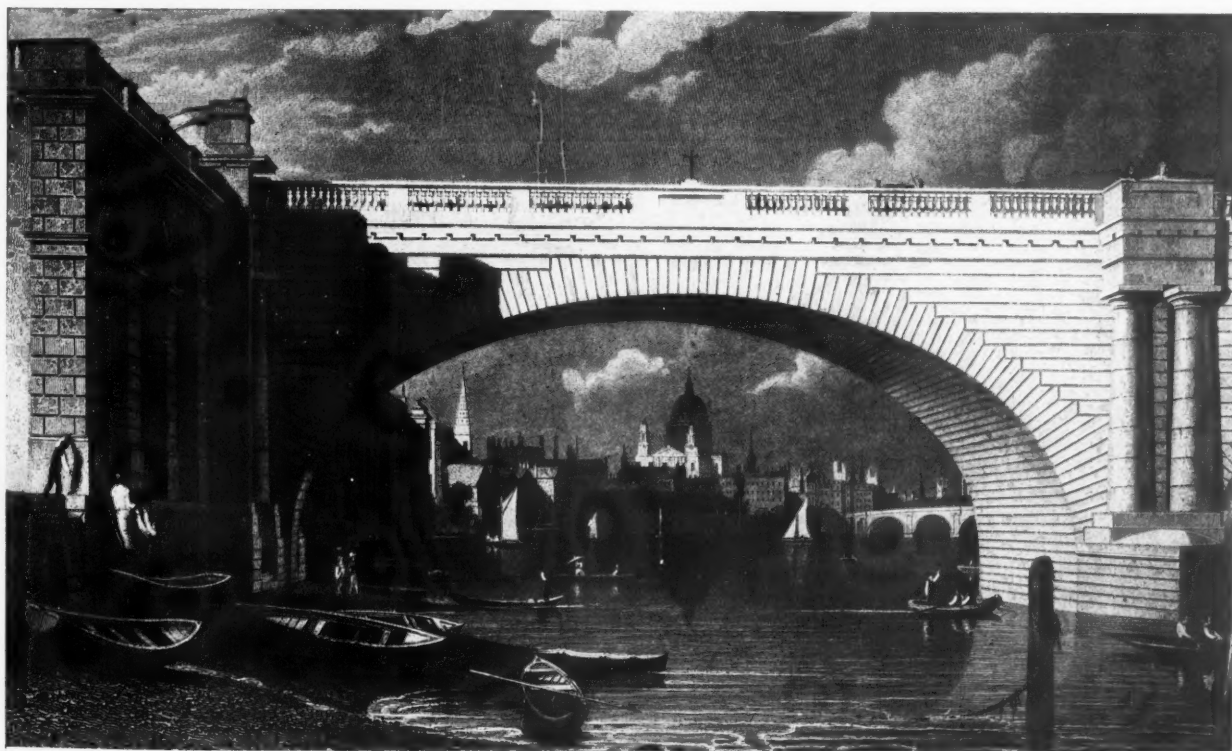


OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

might see the river crowded with boats and shipping, the City with its crown of spires and towers, and the hills on the Surrey side. The most notable building on the Bridge was Nonsuch House, which stands up prominently in the old views at the eighth arch from the southern end. The tall structure near the north end is for the waterworks, first set up by Peter Morris in 1582. On the South-

wark side was a gateway, over which the heads of traitors were commonly exposed. Kentzner, a German, who visited London in 1598, alleged that he counted over thirty heads there. The last to be so set up was that of Thomas Venner, the Fifth Monarchy fanatic, in 1661.

If the continual row of houses made the bridge picturesque, they must have much hampered its practical use even when there was little wheeled traffic, for the whole width was but 40ft. After a great fire in 1633 many of the houses were not rebuilt, but the bridge was not cleared entirely until 1757. If the bridge gave but scant room as a roadway, it hampered still more the passage of boats and shipping. The arches were many and narrow, while the broad piers were carried on structures or starlings, which, extending beyond them on either side, yet further obstructed the stream. The rush of the waters through these narrow spaces made the passage of the bridge, especially at ebb-tide, both difficult and dangerous. The race under the bridge is shown clearly in the view from the east side. On a November evening in 1428 the Duke of Norfolk, with many a gentleman, squire and yeoman, took his barge at St. Mary Overbury purposing to pass through London Bridge, "where the foresaid barge through misgovernance of steering fell upon the piles and overturned, the which was cause of spilling of many a gentleman, but the Duke himself and two or three gentlemen



WATERLOO BRIDGE.

With Old Blackfriars Bridge in the distance.

seeing that mischief leapt upon the piles, and so were saved through help of them that were above on the bridge by casting down of ropes."

London Bridge had not long been built when it began to need repair. Early in the reign of Edward I the levy of tolls for its maintenance was authorised, and about the same time Henry le Waleis, a famous Mayor, by his benefactions laid the foundation of the wealthy Bridge House Estate, out of the revenues of which several of our existing bridges have been built. But with the curious mixture of forethought and neglect, which was characteristic of the times, the bridge was again and again suffered to fall into disrepair. So Ben Jonson could write :

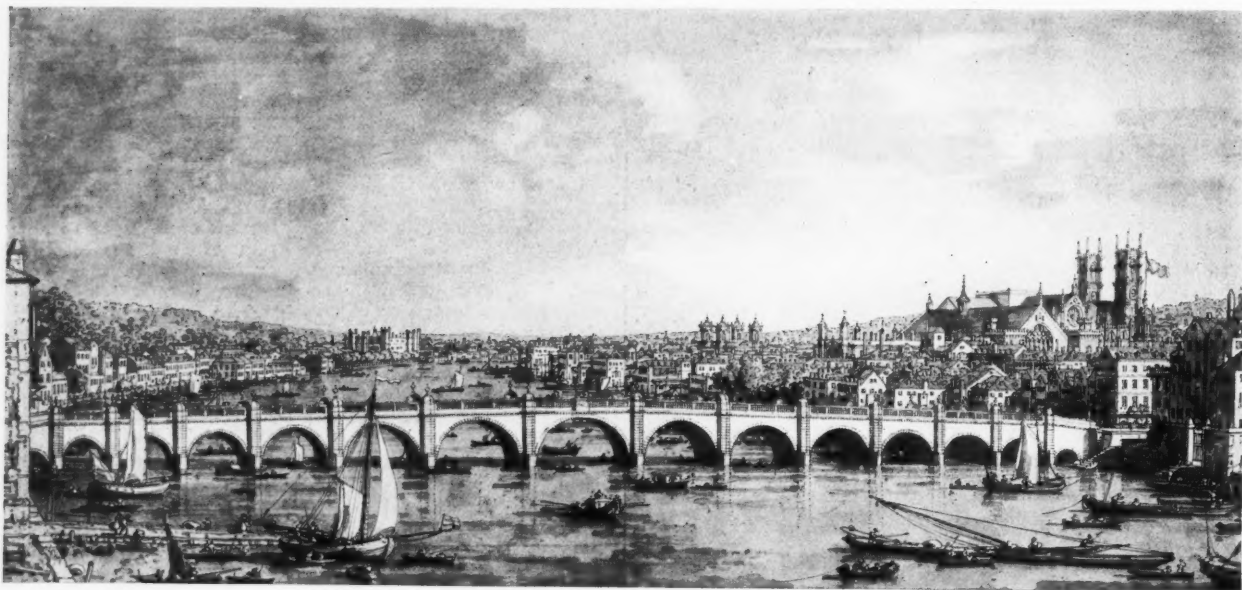
He minds
A courtesy no more than London Bridge
Which arch was mended last.

It was, indeed, sometimes as perilous to pass over London Bridge as it was dangerous to go under it. Pepys, one evening at Southwark, having missed his coach, was "fain to go through the dark and dirt over the bridge, and my leg fell in a hole broke on the bridge, but, the constable standing there to keep people from it, I was caught up, otherwise I had broke my leg ; for which mercy the Lord be praised." However, such incidents were but casual, while the danger of shooting the bridge was continual, so that a popular proverb ran : "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under." From an early date it was common to leave the barge on one side and rejoin when it was safely through on the other. Pepys, going to Whitehall with Mr. Salisbury, "he would not by any means be moved to go through the bridge, and so we were fain to go round

by the old Swan." Pepys himself on another occasion had "to stand upon one of the piers about the bridge, before the men could drag their boat through the lock, and which they could not do till another was called to help them."

For all its narrowness and obstruction the old bridge continued in use for seventy years after the removal of the houses. New London Bridge was built from the designs of the elder John Rennie, and completed by his son in 1831 on a site a little further west than the original bridge. Long before that time the growth of London had made other bridges necessary ; the first was the picturesque old Westminster Bridge, shown here from a drawing by W. Turner. It was built between 1738 and 1750 by Charles Labelye, a young Swiss engineer. The first Blackfriars Bridge was built a little later. But the great era of bridge building in London was in the opening years of the nineteenth century. Besides London Bridge, Rennie was responsible for Waterloo Bridge, "the noblest stone-bridge in the world," which Canova so justly admired. Southwark Bridge was also built by Rennie a few years later.

The removal of old London Bridge brought a great change to the river. With the freer passage for the water the Thames was no longer liable to be frozen over in hard winters, and there has been no fair on the ice since 1813. A less happy result was that the greater scour of the water threatened the safety of the old Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, both of which had to be rebuilt in the middle of the last century. Other bridges have been built during the last hundred years, the Tower Bridge being the most notable. Whatever opinion may be held of their artistic merits, Charing Cross Railway Bridge, which displaced the graceful suspension bridge, now at Clifton, fifty years ago, is the only one that is a notorious eyesore on a noble river.



SONNET COMPOSED ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

September 3rd, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In its first splendour, valley, rock, and hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at its own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.